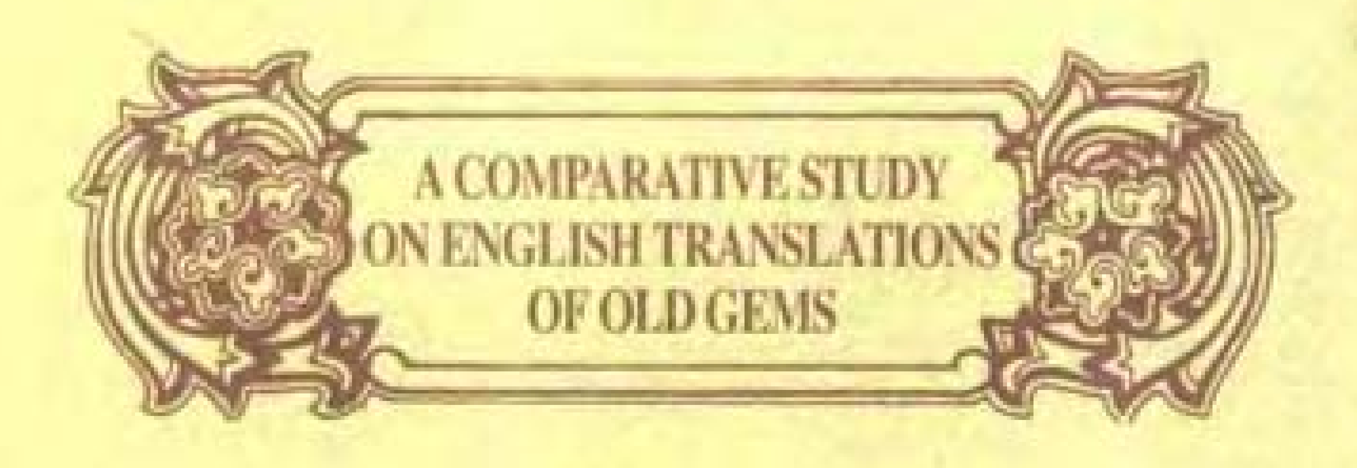
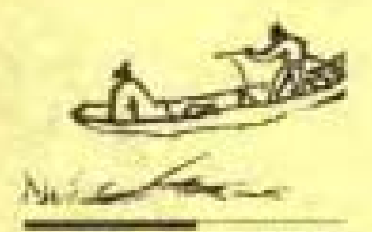
中诗英译比录



吕叔湘　编

EDITED BY Lü SHUXIANG





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吕叔湘 编

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序

海通以还，西人渐窥中国文学之盛，多有转译，诗歌尤甚；以英文言，其著者亦十有余家。居蜀数载，教授翻译，颇取为检讨论说之资，辄于一诗而重译者择优比而录之，上起风雅，下及唐季，得诗五十九首，英译二百有七首。[1]客中得书不易，取资既隘，挂漏实多，然即此区区，中土名篇，彼邦佳译，大抵已在。研究译事者足资比较；欣赏艺文者亦得玩索而吟咏焉。将以付之剞劂，辄取昔日讲说之言弁之卷首；所引诸例，杂出各家，不尽在所录之内也。[2]

一

以原则言，从事翻译者于原文不容有一词一语之误解。然而谈何容易？以中国文字之艰深，诗词铸语之凝炼，译人之误会在所难免。前期诸家多尚"达旨"，有所不解，易为闪避；后期译人渐崇信实，诠解讹误，昭然易晓。如韩愈山石诗，"僧言古壁佛画好，以火来照所见稀，"Bynner (p.29)译为

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① 其中有友人杨宪益先生伉俪所译数首，蒙假原稿过录，于此致谢。

② 各家书名见后附书目。

And he brought a light and showed me, and I called them
wonderful.

以“稀少”为“希奇”，此为最简单的误解字义之例。

又如古诗为焦仲卿妻作，“妾不堪驱使，徒留无所施”，Waley(*Temple*, p. 114)译为

I said to myself, “I will not be driven away.”

Yet if I stay, what use will it be?

以“驱使”为“驱逐”，因而语意不接，遂误以上句为自思自语，则又因字义之误而滋生句读之误。

其次，词性之误解，亦为致误之因。如杜诗闻官军收河南河北，“却看妻子愁何在？漫卷诗书喜欲狂”句，Bynner (p. 154)误以“愁”为动词，译为

Where is my wife? Where are my sons?

Yet crazily sure of finding them, I pack my books and
poems.

读之解颐。杜公虽“欲狂”，何至愁及妻子之下落？且“却看”之谓何？

中文动词之特殊意蕴，往往非西人所能识别，如杜诗“感时花溅泪，恨别鸟惊心”，泪为诗人之泪，心亦诗人之心，“溅”与“惊”皆致动词也，而 Bynner (p. 148)译为

...Where petals have been shed like tears

And lonely birds have sung their grief.

顿成肤浅。

然一种文字之最足以困惑外人者，往往不在其单个之实字，而在其虚字与熟语，盖虚字多歧义，而熟语不易于表面索解也。此亦可于诸家译诗见之。Waley 在诸译人中最为翔实，然如所译《焦仲卿妻》中，以“四角龙子幡”为

At its four corners a dragon-*child* flag (*Temple*, p.121),

"子"字实解;又译"著我绣袂裙,事事四五通"为

...Takes what she needs, four or five *things* (*ibid*., p.116),

以"通"为"件",皆因虚字而误。

余人译诗中亦多此例。如 Fletcher (*More Gems*, p.12)译太白月下独酌"月既不解饮"作

The moon then drinks *without a pause*,

由于不明"解"字作"能"讲;译"行乐须及春"作

Rejoice *until* the Spring comes in,

由于不明"及"字作"乘"讲。又如 Giles (*Verse*, p.99)译杜诗"今春看又过,何日是归年?"作

Alas! I *see* another spring *has died*...

因不明"看"字之等于后世之"看看"或"眼见得",遂误以"将过"为"已过",虽小小出入,殊失原诗低回往复之意也。

以言熟语,有极浅显,不应误而误者。如年月序次只以基数为之,不加"第"字,凡稍习中文者不应不解,而 Fletcher (*Gems*, p.8)译太白长干行"五月不可触"句为

For *five months* with you I cannot meet.

亦有较为生僻,其误可原者。如同篇"早晚下三巴"句不独 Fletcher (*ibid*., p.9)误为

Early and late I to gorges go,

Lowell (p.29)亦误为

From early morning until late in the evening, you descend the three Serpent River,

惟小畑(p.152)作

Some day when you return down the river,

为得其真象。

熟语之极致为"典故",此则不仅不得其解者无从下手,即得其真解亦不易达其义蕴。如小杜金谷园结句"落花犹似坠楼人,"Giles (*Verse*, p.175)译作

Petals, like nymphs from balconies, come tumbling to the ground,

诚为不当,即 Bynner (p.178)译为

Petals are falling like a girl's robe long ago,

若非加注(p.292)亦不明也。又如权德舆玉台体一绝之"昨夜裙带解,今朝蟢子飞",Giles (*Verse*, p.135)译为

Last eve thou wert a bride,

This morn thy dream is o'er...

固是荒谬;而 Bynner (p.25)译为

Last night my girdle came undone,

And this morning a luck beetle flew over my bed.

仍不得不乞灵于附注(p.244),且亦仅注出一"蟢子",于"裙带"仍不得其解也。(王建宫词"忽地下阶裙带解,非时应得见君王。")

Bynner 所译诗中亦时有类此之错误,如译孟浩然秦中寄远上人诗,"黄金燃桂尽,壮志逐年衰"作

Like ashes of gold in a cinnamon-flame,

My youthful desires have been burnt with the years (p.111),

亦复不知所云也。

若干历史的或地理的词语亦具有熟语之性质,常为译家之陷阱。如香山赠梦得诗(长庆集卷六六),"寻花借马烦川守,弄水偷船恼令公",Waley (*More Translations*, p.90)译

为

> When, seeking flowers, we borrowed his horse, the *river-keeper* was vexed;
>
> When, to play on the water, we stole his boat the *Duke Ling* was sore.

以“川守”为“river-keeper”固已以意为之,以“令公”为“Duke Ling”尤可见其疏于考索。时裴度以中书令晋国公为东都留守，史称其与刘白过从甚密，长庆集同卷颇多题咏赠和之作,只应曰 Duke P'ei 或 Duke of Chin,不得以“令”为专名也。

又如“山东”一名,古今异指,而 Fletcher (*Gems*, p.70) 译杜诗兵车行,“君不闻汉家山东二百州，千村万落生荆杞”,作 Shantung;“河汉”指天河,而 Waley (*Poems*, p.44)译古诗十九首之十,“迢迢牵牛星,皎皎河汉女”,作 Han River。皆易滋误会,显为违失。

至如 Giles (*History*, p.170) 译长恨歌“渔阳鼙鼓动地来”作

> But suddenly comes the roll of the *fish-skin* war-drums,

误以地名为非地名; Lowell (p.98) 译太白闻王昌龄左迁龙标遥寄,“杨花落尽子规啼”作

> In *Yang-chou*, the blossoms are dropping,

又误以非地名为地名:与“山东”、“河汉”相较,虽事类相同,而难易有别。“渔阳”安得谓为“鱼皮”,“杨”、“扬”更字形悬异,其为谬误尤难宥恕也。

二

中文常不举主语,韵语尤甚,西文则标举分明,诗作亦

然。译中诗者遇此等处，不得不一一为之补出。如司空曙贼平后送人北归，云："世乱同南去，时清独北还。他乡生白发，旧国见青山"，Bynner (p.133)译为

In dangerous times *we* two came south;

Now *you* go north in safety, without me.

But remember *my head* growing white among strangers,

When *you* look on the blue of the mountains of home.

四句皆补出主语，除第三句容有可商外(亦可指友或兼指二人)，余均无误。

然亦往往缘此致误，如上引诗更下一联云"晓月过残垒，繁星宿故关"，"过"与"宿"之主语仍为 you，而 Bynner 译为

The moon goes down behind a ruined fort,

Leaving star-clusters above an old gate.

误以"晓月"与"繁星"当之，不知此二语之作用如副词也。

又如古诗十九首之十二，"燕赵多佳人……当户理清曲"继之以"驰情整巾带，沈吟聊踯躅"，乃诗人自谓闻曲而有感也，Waley (*Poems*, p.45)误以蒙上佳人，译为

To ease their minds they arrange their shawls and belts;

Lowering their song, a little while they pause,

索然寡味矣。

又如 Fletcher (*More Gems*, p.9)译李白长干行，"早晚下三巴，预将书报家"，作

Early and late *I* to gorges go,

Waiting for news that of thy coming told.

不明"早晚"之为询问，遂以"下"为"我下"，不知自长干至三巴不得云"下"，两地之相去亦非朝暮可往来者。

又如刘长卿逢雪宿芙蓉山，“柴门闻犬吠，风雪夜归人”，闻者诗人自闻也，Fletcher（*Gems*，p.184）译为

The house dog's sudden barking, *which hears the wicket go*,

Greets us at night returning through driving gale and snow.

误为犬闻门响而吠，不知中文不容有“宾——动——主”之词序，杜诗“香稻啄余鹦鹉粒”之得失至今犹聚讼纷纭也。

此等错误往往因涉上下文主语而来，如上举“驰情整冠带”误承“当户理清曲”，“早晚下三巴”则其上既有“坐愁红颜老”，其下复有“相迎不道远”，不谙中文之常常更易主语而又从略者自易致误。如杜诗兵车行，“况复秦兵耐苦战，被驱不异犬与鸡”，即此土不学之人亦难免误解，Bynner（p.169）译为

Men of China are able to face the stiffest battle,

But their officers drive them like chickens and dogs.

其情可原。然“役夫”来自“山东”，与“秦兵”正为敌对，上下文足以确定被驱者非秦兵，B.氏有江亢虎氏为助，不容并此而不达。

又因主语之省略而误解动词之意义者。如 Waley 译焦仲卿妻“谓言无罪过，供养卒大恩”（*Temple*，p.116）作

Never in *spoken word* did I transgress or fail...

又“十七遣汝嫁，谓言无誓违”（p.118）作

...and hears you *promise* forever to be true,

此两“谓言”同于后世之“只道”、“只说是”，宜作 I thought 解，Waley 不了此义，殆由未举主语。

又如古诗十九首之十九，“客行虽云乐，不如早旋归”，Waley（*Poems*，p.48）译作

My absent love *says* that he is happy,

But I would rather he said he was coming back,

又古诗上山采蘼芜,“新人虽言好,不及古人姝”(p.35)译作

Although her *talk* is clever...

其实此处“云”、“言”皆无主动词,it is said 之义,仍实字之近于虚字者,缀于“虽”字之后,作用类似衬字,今语亦有“虽说是”,可为比较;Waley 视为寻常动词,遂有“言谈”之解。

与主语省略相似者又有宾语之省略,亦为译家致误之由。如元稹遣悲怀,“尚想旧情怜婢仆,也曾因梦送钱财”,Bynner (p.216)译为

...Sometimes, in a dream, I bring *you* gifts.

谓梦中送钱财于亡妻,无乃费解?此则远不及 Fletcher (*More Gems*, p.191)所译

The slaves' and servants' love moves me to love,

And presents I gave them, when I dreamed of you.

之信达而兼雅也。

又有因连词之省略而致误者。如渊明责子诗,“雍端年十三,不识六与七”,Budd(p.150)误于前,

Yong-tuan is thirteen now.

Waley (*Poems*, p.76)误于后,

Yung-tuan is thirteen.

皆昧于中文平联词语常不用连词之惯例,遂以“雍”与“端”为一人也。

三

译诗者往往改变原诗之观点,或易叙写为告语,因中文诗句多省略代词,动词复无词形变化,译者所受限制不严也。其中有因而转更亲切或生动者。试引二三例,则如李商

隐嫦娥诗，“嫦娥应悔偷灵药，碧海青天夜夜心”，Bynner (p.75)译为

Are *you* sorry for having stolen the potion that has set *you*
Over purple seas and blue skies, to brood through the long nights?

此由第三身之叙写改为对第二身之告语者，视原来为亲切。如卢纶塞下曲之“野幕敞琼筵，羌戎贺劳旋；醉和金甲舞，雷鼓动山川”，Bynner (p.104)译为

Let feasting begin in the wild camp!
Let bugles cry our victory!
Let us drink, *let us* dance in our golden armour!
Let us thunder on rivers and hills with our drums!

此由第三身之叙写改为一二身之告语者，视原来为生动。

如王维班婕妤诗，“怪来妆阁里，朝下不相迎；总向春园里，花间笑语声”，Fletcher (*Gems* p.120)译为

Dost wonder if my toilet room be shut?
If in the regal halls we meet no more?
I ever haunt the garden of the spring;
From smiling flowers to learn their whispered lore.

原来为汉帝告婕妤，译诗改为婕妤告汉帝，观点适相反，而译诗似较胜。

但如王建新嫁娘诗，“三日入厨下，洗手作羹汤”，Fletcher (*More Gems*, p.208)译为

Now married three days, to the kitchen *I go*,
And washing *my* hands a fine broth *I* prepare.

杜牧秋夕诗，“银烛秋光冷画屏，轻罗小扇扑流萤”，Bynner (p.177)译为

Her candle-light is silvery on *her* chill bright screen.

Her little silk fan is for fireflies...

原诗之为一身抑三身，未可遽定：前一诗似是三身，今作一身，后一诗似是一身，今作三身，其间得失，正自难言。然中诗可无主语，无人称，译为英文，即非有主语有人称不可，此亦译中诗者所常遇之困难也。

四

不同之语言有不同之音律，欧洲语言同出一系，尚且各有独特之诗体，以英语与汉语相去之远，其诗体自不能苟且相同。初期译人好以诗体翻译，即令达意，风格已殊，稍一不慎，流弊丛生。故后期译人 Waley，小畑，Bynner 诸氏率用散体为之，原诗情趣，转易保存。此中得失，可发深省。

以诗体译诗之弊，约有三端：一曰趁韵。如 Fletcher (*Gems*, p.211) 译王绩过酒家，"眼看人尽醉，何忍独为醒"作

With wine o'ercome when all our fellows be,

Can I alone sit in sobriety?

二曰颠倒词语以求协律。如 Fletcher (*More Gems*, p.62)译杜诗秋兴，"几回青琐点朝班"作

Just in dream by the gate when to number I sate

The courtiers' attendants who throng at its side.

三曰增删及更易原诗意义。如陈子昂登幽州台诗，"前不见古人，后不见来者，念天地之悠悠，独怆然而涕下"，Giles (p.58)译为

My eyes saw not the men of old;

And now their age away has rolled

I weep—to think that I shall not see

The heroes of posterity!

其第二行为与原诗第三句相当乎，则甚不切合，为不与相当乎，则原句甚重要，不容删省；又如杜诗“露从今夜白，月是故乡明”，Giles (p.101)译为

The crystal dew is glittering at my feet,

The moon sheds, as of old, her silvery light.

“今夜”与“故乡”为此联诗眼，而横遭刊落。

与此相反者，如张泌寄人诗，“别梦依依到谢家，小廊回合曲阑斜”，Giles (p.209)译为

After parting, dreams possessed me and I wandered you know where,

And we sat in the verandah and you sang the sweet old air.

第二行之下半完全为足成音段而增加。

其全部意义加以更易者，如 Giles (p.65) 译张九龄诗“思君如明月，夜夜减清辉”作

My heart is like the full moon, full of pains,

Save that 'tis always full and never wanes.

汉译便是“思君异明月，终岁无盈亏”。

前两种病，中外恶诗所同有，初无间于创作与翻译。第三种病，则以诗体译诗尤易犯之，虽高手如 Giles 亦所不免。Fletcher 尤甚于 Giles；Budd，Martin 诸人更甚于 Fletcher，有依稀仿佛，而目全非者，其例难于列举。

五

自一方而言，以诗体译诗，常不免于削足适履，自另一方而言，逐字转译，亦有类乎胶柱鼓瑟。硬性的直译，在散

文容有可能,在诗殆绝不可能。Waley 在 *More Translations* 序言中云,所译白居易诗不止此数,有若干未能赋以"诗形",不得不终于弃去。Waley 所谓"诗形"(poetic form),非寻常所谓"诗体",因所刊布者皆散体也。Waley 举其初稿两首为例,试录其一:早春独登天宫阁(长庆集卷六十八),"天宫日暖阁门开,独上迎春饮一杯。无限游人遥怪我,缘何最老最先来?"

Tien-kung Sun warm, pagoda door open;

Alone climbing, greet Spring, drink one cup.

Without limit excursion-people afar-off wonder at me;

What cause most old most first arrived!

此 Waley 认为诗的原料,未经琢磨不得为诗者。而 Ayscough 译杜诗,顾以此为已足。如垂老别首四句:"四郊未宁静,垂老不得安。子孙阵亡尽,焉用身独完?"(*Tu Fu*, I., p.336),译为

On all four sides, in open spaces beyond the city, no unity,
no rest;

Men fallen into old age have not attained peace.

Their sons, grandsons, every one has died in battle:

Why should a lone body finish its course?

Lowell 与 Ayscough 合译《松花笺》集,以不识中文故,不得不惟 Ayscough 之初稿是赖,因之多有不必要之拘泥处,如译太白山中答俗人问(p.69),"问余何事栖碧山"作

He asks why I *perch* in the *green jade* hills.

然其佳者如刘禹锡石头城(p.120),"山围故国周遭在,潮打空城寂寞回",译为

Hills surround the ancient kingdom; they never change.

The tide beats against the empty city, and silently, silently
returns.

亦自具有 Waley 所谓“诗形”，非 Ayscough 自译杜诗可比也。

故严格言之，译诗无直译意译之分，惟有平实与工巧之别。散体诸译家中，Lowell，Waley，小畑，皆以平实胜，而除 Lowell 外，亦未尝无工巧；至于 Bynner，则颇逞工巧，而亦未尝无平实处。

所谓平实，非一语不增，一字不减之谓也。小畑之译太白诗，常不为貌似，而语气转折，多能曲肖。如“两岸猿声啼不住，轻舟已过万重山”(p.76)译为

The screams of monkeys on either bank
Had scarcely ceased echoing in my ear
When my skiff had left behind it
Ten thousand ranges of hills.

“已”字，“过”字，“啼不住”三字，皆扣合甚紧，可谓译中上选。又如独坐敬亭山绝句（p.57）“众鸟高飞尽，孤云独去闲。相看两不厌，只有敬亭山”之译为

Flocks of birds have flown high and away;
A solitary drift of cloud, too, has gone, wandering on.
And I sit alone with the Ching-ting Peak, towering
beyond.
We never grow tired of each other, the mountain and I.

苏台览古(p.74)“旧苑荒台杨柳新，菱歌清唱不胜春。只今惟有西江月，曾照吴王宫里人”之译为

In the deserted garden among the crumbling walls,
The willows show green again,

While the sweet notes of the water-nut song

Seem to lament the spring.

Nothing remains but the moon above the river—

The moon that once shone on the fair faces

That smiled in the king's palace of Wu.

皆未尝炫奇求胜,而自然切合,情致具足者。

译人虽以平稳为要义,亦不得自安于苟简或晦塞,遇原来异常凝炼之诗句,固不得不婉转以求曲达。Waley 译古诗有颇擅此胜者,如十九首之九(*Poems*, p.43),"此物何足贵,但感别经时",后句译为

But it may remind him of the time that has past since he left.

十九首之十一(p,44),"立身苦不早"译为

Success is bitter when it is slow in coming.

十九首之十三(p.46),"万岁更相送"译为

For ever it has been that mourners in their turn were mourned.

又如焦仲卿妻(*Temple*, p.122),"自君别我后,人事不可量;果不如先愿,又非君所详",末句言约而意深,译作

You would understand if ouly you knew.

此皆善为婉达,具见匠心者也。

至 Bynner 译唐诗三百首乃好出奇以制胜,虽尽可依循原来词语,亦往往不甘墨守。如孟浩然留别王维(p.112),"欲寻芳草去,惜与故人违",译为

How sweet the road-side flowers might be

If they did not mean good-bye, old friend.

韦应物滁州西涧(p.206),"春潮带雨晚来急,野渡无人舟自

横”,译为

On the spring flood of last night's rain

The ferry-boat moves as though someone were poling.

同人夕次盱眙县(p.211),“独应忆秦关,听钟未眠客”,译为

At midnight I think of northern city-gate,

And I hear a bell tolling between me and sleep.

皆撇开原文,另作说法,颇见工巧。然措词虽已迥异,意义却无增减,虽非译事之正宗,亦不得谓为已犯译人之戒律也。

六

上举 Bynner 诸例引起译事上一大问题,即译人究有何种限度之自由?变通为应限于词语,为何兼及意义?何者为必须变通?何者为无害变通?变通逾限之流弊又如何?

译事之不能不有变通,最显明之例为典故。如元稹遣悲怀诗,“邓攸无子寻知命,潘岳悼亡犹费词”,Bynner (p.216)译为

There have been better men than I to whom heaven denied a son,

There was a poet better than I whose dead wife could not hear him.

孟郊古别离诗,“不恨归来迟,莫向临邛去”,Fletcher (*Gems*, p.175)译为

Your late returning does not anger me,

But that another steal your heart away.

皆可谓善于变通,允臻上乘。若将“潘”,“邓”,“临邛”照样译出,即非加注不可,读诗而非注不明,则焚琴煮鹤,大杀风

景矣。(第一例尤佳,因"知命"与"费词"亦暗中扣紧也。)

亦有不变通而无妨变通者。试举二三简单之例:如太白江上吟之结句云,"功名富贵若长在,汉水亦应西北流",Lowell (p.43) 与小畑 (p.25) 均直译"西北流",小畑加注云汉水东南流入江,实则循上句语气,无注亦明。然若如 Fletcher (*Gems*, p.44)之译为

But sooner could flow backward to its fountains

This stream, than wealth and honour can remain.

直截了当,亦未尝不可。又如 Fletcher (*Gems*, p.214)译贾至春思诗,"桃花历乱李花香",作

The peach and pear blossoms in massed fragrance grow.

李花未必不历乱,桃花亦未必不香,正不必拘于原文字面。又如 Giles (*Verse*. p.164) 译白居易后宫词"红颜未老恩先断,斜倚熏笼坐到明",作

Alas, although his love has gone, her beauty lingers yet;

Sadly she sits till early dawn but never can forget.

原云"红颜未老恩先断",今云"君恩已去红颜在",先者后之,后者先之,在译者自是为凑次二行之韵脚,而意思似转深入,此亦变通之可取者。又如 Bynner (p.127)译白居易琵琶行,"暮去朝来颜色故"作

And evenings went and evenings came, and her beauty faded.

中文"暮去朝来"本兼"朝去暮来"言,英文 evenings went and mornings came 则无此涵义,若译为 evenings and mornings went and came,又未免过于絮烦,自惟有如上译法,言简而意赅。

又如杜审言和晋陵陆丞早春游望诗,"忽闻歌古调,归思欲沾襟","归思"下本隐有"使我"意,为五言所限,不得不

尔。照字面译出,虽不至于费解,终觉勉强。Bynner (p.179)译为

Suddenly an old song fills

My heart with home, my eyes with tears.

便较显豁。此种变通实已近于必要矣。

如斯之例,诸家多有,上节所引 Waley 与 Bynner 诸译咸属此类,皆未尝以辞害意,为译人应有之自由。然而词语之变通与意义之更易,其间界限,亦自难言。变通而及于意义,则如履薄冰,如行悬絙,时时有陨越之虞,不得不审慎以将事。试以二例明之。Waley (*Poems*, p.35)译古诗上山采蘼芜,“新人工织缣,故人工织素。织缣日一匹,织素五丈余”,作

My new wife is clever at embroidering silk;

My old wife was good at plain sewing.

Of silk embroidery one can do an inch a day;

Of plain sewing, more than five feet.

缣素之别,以及一匹与五丈之分,译出均欠显豁,故改为绣与缝,一寸与五尺,于原文意义颇有更张,而主旨则无出人。此变通之可取者。反之,如 Bynner (p.4)译张继枫桥夜泊诗,“江枫渔火对愁眠”,作

Under the shadows of maple-trees a fisherman moves with
the torch.

一静一动,与原诗意境迥异。虽或见仁见智,难为轩轾,而谓鹿为马,终非转译所宜。二例之间,界限渐而非顿,然不得谓为无界限。得失寸心,疏漏与穿凿固惟有付之译人之感觉与判断矣。

意义之变通有三,或相异,或省减,或增加。相异之例

已如上举。意义之省减，时亦不免，若不关宏旨，亦即不足为病。如 Bynner (p.148)译杜诗“白头搔更短，浑欲不胜簪”，作

I stroke my white hair. It has grown too thin

To hold the hairpins any more.

“更”字“欲”字皆未能传出，而大体不谬。

不可省而省，则失之疏漏。如 Waley (*Temple*, p.117)译焦仲卿妻诗，“今日还家去，念母劳家里”，作

Today I am going back to my father's home;

And this house I leave in Madam's hands.

“念”字“劳”字皆不可省而省者。又如 Bynner (p.174)译杜荀鹤春宫怨，“承恩不在貌，教妾若为容?”作

To please a fastidious emperor,

How shall I array myself?

“不在貌” 三字以一 fastidious 当之，全然未达。（若改为 capricious，则庶几近之。）又如所译阙名杂诗“等是有家归未得，杜鹃休向耳边啼”(p.3)，

We are thinking of our kinsfolk, far away from us.

O cuckoo, why do you follow us, why do you call us home?

“等是”二字何等重要，岂容漏去？类此之例，不尽由于有意之变通，亦有识解不周，或为才力所限，遂至陷于浅薄疲弱，虽其情可原，其病不可不知。以诗体译诗者，为凑韵脚与节拍，尤易触犯此戒，前节已申论之矣。

增饰原诗之意义，亦有无伤大雅者。如 Giles （*Verse*, p.96)译太白诗“白发三千丈，缘愁似个长”，作

My whitening hair would make a long long rope,

Yet could not fathom all my depth of woe.

比原来意义略进一步,而不足为病。

过此则往往流于穿凿。如 Giles (*Verse*, p.53)译薛道衡诗"入春才七日,离家已二年",作

A week in the spring to the exile appears

Like an absence from home of a couple of years.

即犯"read in"之病,殆以为二句不相连属,未免平淡,遂为"一日三秋"之解。不知此二句本平淡,故陈人有"底言"之诮,及"人归落雁后,思发在花前"二句出,始知名下无虚耳。(见隋唐嘉话)

又如 Waley (*Poems*, p.35)译古诗上山采蘼芜,"新人从门入,故人从阁去",作

My new wife comes in from the road to meet me;

My old wife always came down from her tower.

原诗只状其得新弃故耳,译文乃言新人好游乐,故人勤女红。(或缘误"去"为"出"?)

更有甚于此者,如 Fletcher (*Gems*, p.209) 译贺知章题袁氏别业诗,"主人不相识,偶坐为林泉。莫漫愁沽酒,囊中自有钱",作

The Lord of All to us is all unknown.

And yet these Woods and Springs must Some One own.

Let us not murmur if our Wine we Buy:

In our own Purse have we Sufficiency.

即事之诗,解为论道,刻意求深,翻失真象。又 Giles 译司空图诗品 (*History*, P.179—188),全作道家玄语,与诗文了无关涉。如斯穿凿,宜为厉禁。

至如 Martin (P.55) 之译太白长干行,"郎骑竹马来,绕床弄青梅",作

You rode a bamboo horse,

And deemed yourself a knight,

With paper helm and shield

And wooden sword bedight.

则缘根本误会诗中主体，以商人妇为军士妻，因而任意枝蔓，全无依据，无以名之，荒谬而已。

七

中诗大率每句自为段落，两句连贯如“旧时王谢堂前燕，飞入寻常百姓家”者，其例已鲜。西诗则常一句连跨数行，有多至十数行者。译中诗者嫌其呆板，亦往往用此手法，Bynner 书中最饶此例。如译太白诗“但见泪痕湿，不知心恨谁”(p.53)，作

You may see the tears now, bright on her cheek,

But not the man she so bitterly loves.

利用关系子句，便见连贯。又如译王维九月九日忆山东兄弟(p.190)，“独在异乡为异客，每逢佳节倍思亲，遥知兄弟登高处，遍插茱萸少一人”，作

All alone in a foreign land,

I am twice as homesick on this day,

When brothers carry dogwood up the mountain,

Each of them a branch — and my branch missing.

虽四行与原诗四句分别相当，而原诗只三四连贯，此则一气呵成矣。

然此二例犹可在逐行之末小作停顿，若如所译王维秋夜曲(p.191)，“桂魄初生秋露微，轻罗已薄未更衣”，作

Under the crescent moon a light autumn dew

Has chilled the robe she will not change.

即不复有停顿之理。又如 Cranmer-Byng (*A Feast of Lanterns*, p.43)译王维送春辞,“相欢在樽酒,不用惜花飞”,作

Then fill the wine-cup of to-day and let

Night and the roses fall, while we forget.

停顿不在上行之末,而在下行之中,纯用西诗节律,与中诗相去更远矣。

此类译作,虽音调不侔,其佳者亦至有情致。然若一味求连贯,有时即不免流于牵强附会。如 Bynner (p.192)译王维归嵩山作,“清川带长薄;车马去闲闲。流水如有意;暮禽相与还”,作

The limpid river, past its rushes

Running slowly as my chariot,

Becomes a fellew voyager

Returning home with the evening birds.

即与原诗颇有出入。

至如译李颀听安万善吹觱篥歌(p.51),“……变调如闻杨柳春,上林繁花照眼新。岁夜高堂列明烛,美酒一杯声一曲”,作

...They are changing still again to Spring in the Willow-Trees.

Like Imperial Garden Flowers, brightening the eye with beauty,

Are the high-hall candles we have lighted this cold night...

“上林繁花”句显然属上,今以属下,其为不妥,无任何理由可为藉口也。

中诗尚骈偶，不独近体为然，古体诗中亦时见偶句；英诗则以散行为常，对偶为罕见之例外。译中诗者对于偶句之处理，有时逐句转译，形式上较为整齐，有时融为一片，改作散行。试以 Bynner 所译为例：如王维汉江临眺（p.195），“江流天地外，山色有无中。郡邑浮前浦，波澜动远空”，译为

This river runs beyond heaven and earth,

Where the colour of mountains both is and is not.

The dwellings of men seem floating along

On ripples of the distant sky.

前一联较为整齐，后一联便一气呵成，不分两截（意义之切合与否为另一问题）。

诗中偶句亦有上下相承，本非并立者，译来自以连贯为宜。如韦应物淮上喜会梁川故人诗，“浮云一别后，流水十年间”，Bynner（p.207）译为

Since we left one another, floating apart like clouds,

Ten years have run like water—till at last we join again.

自是顺其自然，非故事更张。

然亦有本甚整齐，而有意破坏之，以求得参差错落之效者，如 Bynner（p.87）译李益夜上受降城闻笛诗，“回乐峰前沙似雪，受降城外月如霜”，作

The sand below the border-mountain lies like snow,

And the moon like frost beyond the city-wall.

甚可觇中西风尚之殊异。

与此相反，有原诗散行，译者假一二相同之字以为线索，化散以为整者。如王昌龄诗“秦时明月汉时关，万里长征人未还”，Bynner（p.181）译为

The moon goes back to the time of Chin, the wall to the time
of Han,
And the road our troops are travelling goes back three
hundred (thousand?) miles.

王维诗“深林人不知,明月来相照”,Giles (*Verse*, p.70)译为

No ear to hear me, save my own;
No eye to see me, save the moon.

然类此之例,不数数觏。一般言之,中诗尚整,西诗尚散,译诗者固末由自外也。

吕叔湘
一九四七年六月

〔附记〕顷见 A.Waley 氏自选译诗集 *Chinese Poems* (London, 1946),辑其旧作,颇有是正。与此处所论有关者记之如次:

“妾不堪驱使”两句已改为 It is not in my power to do the task I am set; There is no use in staying for the sake of staying,甚佳。

“川守”与“令公”已分别改为 Governor 与 Duke of Chin.

“谓言无罪过”已改为 Never in word or deed was I at fault,仍误。

“谓言无誓违”已改为 And fully thougt that nothing had gone amiss.

“雍端年十三”已改为“Yung and Tuan are thirteen.

“新人工织缣”四句已改为 My new wife weaves fancy silks; my old wife was good at plain weaving. Of fancy silk one can weave a strip a day; Of plain weaving, more than fifty feet.

“念母劳家里”已改为 I am sorry to leave you burdened by household cares,是。

一九四八年一月补记。

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Part Ⅰ　Odes & Elegies

第一章　诗经及楚辞

诗　经

The Book of Odes

关　雎

关关雎鸠，在河之洲。
窈窕淑女，君子好逑。

参差荇菜，左右流之。
窈窕淑女，寤寐求之。

求之不得，寤寐思服。
悠哉悠哉，辗转反侧。

参差荇菜，左右采之。
窈窕淑女，琴瑟友之。

参差荇菜，左右芼之。
窈窕淑女，钟鼓乐之。

O D E *(kwan ts' eu)*

Kwan-kwan go the ospreys,
On the islet in the river.
The modest, retiring, virtuous, young lady:—
For our prince a good mate she.

Here long, there short, is the duckweed,
To the left, to the right, borne about by the current.
The modest, retiring, virtuous, young lady:—
Waking and sleeping, he sought her.

He sought her and found her not,
And waking and sleeping he thought about her.
Long he thought; oh! long and anxiously;
On his side, on his back, he turned, and back again.

Here long, there short, is the duckweed;
On the left, on the right, we gather it.
The modest, retiring, virtuous, young lady:—
With lutes, small and large, let us give her friendly
welcome.

Here long, there short, is the duckweed;

On the left, on the right, we cook and present it.
The modest, retiring, virtuous young lady:—
With bells and drums let us show our delight in her.

James Legge

ODE

Hark! from the islet in the stream the voice
Of the fish hawks that o'er their nest rejoice!
From them our thoughts to that young lady go,
Modest and virtuous, loth herself to show.
Where could be found, to share our prince's state
So fair, so virtuous, and so fit a mate?

See how the duckweed's stalks, or short or long,
Sway left and right, as moves the current strong!
So hard it was for him the maid to find!
By day, by night, our prince with constant mind
Sought for her long, but all his search was vain.
Awake, asleep, he ever felt the pain
Of longing thought, as when on restless bed,
Tossing about, one turns his fevered head.

Here long, there short, afloat the duckweed lies;
But caught at last, we seize the longed-for prize.
The maiden modest, virtuous, coy, is found;
Strike every lute, and joyous welcome sound,

Ours now, the duckweed from the stream we bear,
And cook to use with other viands rare.
He has the maiden, modest, virtuous, bright;
Let bells and drums proclaim our great delight.

James Legge.

KING WEN'S EPITHALAMIUM

They sent me to gather the cresses, which lie
And sway on the stream, as it glances by,
That a fitting welcome we might provide
For our prince's modest and virtuous bride.

I heard, as I gathered the cress, from the ait
The mallard's endearing call to its mate;
And I said, as I heard it, "Oh may this prove
An omen of joy to our master's love!"

Long, long for his bride has the prince been yearning,
With such desire has his heart been burning,
That his thoughts by day and his dreams by night
Have had but her as his sole delight.

But a doubt tormented his anxious brain,
And sleep was banished by aching pain,
As tossing in fear and distress he lay
Till the long night watches had passed away.

And how he has won her, this lady fair,
With her modest mind and her gracious air.
Let our lutes and our music and feasting show
The love we to her and our master owe.

C.F.R.Allen.

SONG

'Fair, fair,' cry the ospreys
On the island in the river.
Lovely is this noble lady,
Fit bride for our lord.

In patches grows the water mallow;
To left and right one must seek it.
Shy was this noble lady;
Day and night he sought her.

Sought her and could not get her;
Day and night he grieved.
Long thoughts, oh, long unhappy thoughts,
Now on his back, now tossing on to his side.

In patches grows the water mallow;
To left and right one must gather it.
Shy is this noble lady;
With great zithern and little we hearten her.

In patches grows the water mallow;
To left and right one must choose it.
Shy is this noble lady;
With gongs and drums we will gladden her.

Arthur Waley.

THE PURE-HEARTED GIRL

On the river-island—
The ospreys are echoing us
Where is the pure-hearted girl
To be our princess?

Long lotus, short lotus,
Leaning with the current,
Turns like our prince in his quest
For the pure-hearted girl.

He has sought and not found her.
Awake, he has thought of her,
Asleep, he has dreamed of her,
Dreamed and tossed in his sleep.

Long lotus, short lotus,
Pluck it to left and to right,
And make ready with lutes and with harps
For the pure-hearted girl,

Long lotus, short lotus,
Cook it for a welcome,
And be ready with bells and with drums
For the pure-hearted girl.

Witter Bynner.

摽 有 梅

摽有梅，其实七兮。
求我庶士，迨其吉兮！

摽有梅，其实三兮。
求我庶士，迨其今兮！

摽有梅，顷筐塈之。。
求我庶士，迨其谓之！

O D E *(P' eaou yew mei)*

Dropping are the fruits from the plum-tree;
There are [but] seven [tenths] of them left!
For the gentlemen who seek me,
This is the fortunate time!

Dropping are the fruits from the plum-tree;
There are[but]three[tenths] of them left!
For the gentlemen who seek me,

Now is the time.

Dropt are the fruits from the plum-tree;
In my shallow basket I have collected them.
Would the gentlemen who seek me
〔Only〕 speak about it!

James Legge.

ODE

Ripe, the plums fall from the bough;
Only seven tenths left there now!
Ye whose hearts on me are set,
Now the time is fortunate!

Ripe, the plums fall from the bough;
Only three tenths left there now!
Ye who wish my love to gain,
Will not now apply in vain!

No more plums upon the bough!
All are in my basket now!
Ye who me with ardor seek,
Need the word but freely speak!

James Legge.

"WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE?"

The plums are ripening quickly;
Nay, some are falling too;
'Tis surely time for suitors
To come to me and woo.

See more and more are falling
From off the parent tree.
Why don't the men come forward
To win a maid like me?

At length upon the plum-tree
No fruit can be espied,
Yet no one comes to court me,
Or bid me be his bride.

C.F.R.Allen.

DESPERATE

The ripe plums are falling,—
One-third of them gone;
To my lovers I am calling,
"'Tis time to come on!"

The ripe plums are dropping,—

Two-thirds are away;
"'Tis time to be popping!"
To my lovers I say.

Down has dropt every plum;
In baskets they lie.
What, will no lover come?
"Now or never!" say I.

Herbert A. Giles.

SONG

Plop fall the plums; but there are still seven.
Let those gentlemen that would court me
Come while it is lucky!

Plop fall the plums; there are still three.
Let any gentleman that would court me
Come before it is too late!

Plop fall the plums; in shallow baskets we lay them.
Any gentleman who would court me
Had better speak while there is time.

Arthur Waley.

氓

氓之蚩蚩，抱布贸丝。
匪来贸丝，来即我谋。
送子涉淇，至于顿丘。
匪我愆期，子无良媒。
将子无怒，秋以为期。

乘彼垝垣，以望复关。
不见复关，泣涕涟涟。
既见复关，载笑载言。
尔卜尔筮，体无咎言。
以尔车来，以我贿迁。

桑之未落，其叶沃若。
于嗟鸠兮，无食桑葚。
于嗟女兮，无与士耽。
士之耽兮，犹可说也。
女之耽兮，不可说也。

桑之落矣，其黄而陨。
自我徂尔，三岁食贫。
淇水汤汤，渐车帷裳。
女也不爽，士贰其行。
士也罔极，二三其德。

三岁为妇，靡室劳矣。
夙兴夜寐，靡有朝矣。
言既遂矣，至于暴矣。
兄弟不知，咥其笑矣。
静言思之，躬自悼矣。

及尔偕老，老使我怨。
淇则有岸，隰则有泮。
总角之宴，言笑晏晏。
信誓旦旦，不思其反。
反是不思，亦已焉哉。

ODE *(Mang)*

A simple-looking lad you were,
Carrying cloth to exchange it for silk.
〔But〕 you came not so to purchase silk;—
You came to make proposals to me.
I convoyed you through the K'e,
As far as Tun-k'ew.
'It is not I,'〔I said〕,'who would protract the time;
But you have had no good go-between.
I pray you be not angry,
And let autumn be the time.'

I ascended that ruinous wall,
To look towards Fuh-kwan;

And when I saw 〔you〕 not 〔coming from〕 it,
My tears flowed in streams.
When I did see 〔you coming from〕 Fuh-kwan,
I laughed and I spoke.
You had consulted, 〔you said〕, the tortoise-shell and
the reeds,
And there was nothing unfavourable in their response.
'Then come,' 〔I said〕 'with your carriage,
And I will remove with my goods.'

Before the mulberry tree has shed its leaves,
How rich and glossy are they!
Ah! thou dove,
Eat not its fruit 〔to excess〕.
Ah! thou young lady,
Seek no licentious pleasure with a gentleman.
When a gentleman indulges in such pleasure,
Something may still bo said for him;
When a lady does so,
Nothing can be said for her.

When the mulberry tree sheds its leaves,
They fall yellow on the ground.
Since I went with you,
Three years have I eaten of my poverty;
And 〔now〕 the full waters of the K'e
Wet the curtains of my carriage.
There has been no difference in me,

But you have been double in your ways.
It is you, Sir, who transgress the right,
Thus changeable in your conduct.

For three years I was your wife,
And thought nothing of my toil in your house.
I rose early and went to sleep late,
Not intermitting my labours for a morning.
Thus [on my part] our contract was fulfilled,
But you have behaved thus cruelly.
My brothers will not know [all this],
And will only laugh at me.
Silently I think of it,
And bemoan myself.

I was to grow old with you;—
Old, you give me cause for sad repining.
The K'e has its banks,
And the marsh has its shores.
In the pleasant time of my girlhood, with my hair
simply gathered in a knot,
Harmoniously we talked and laughed.
Clearly were we sworn to good faith,
And I did not think the engagement would be broken.
That it would be broken I did not think,
And now it must be all over!

James Legge.

ODE

A simple-looking lad you seemed,
When first you met my eye,
By most a traveling merchant deemed,
Raw silk for cloth to buy.
But your true aim was to propose
That I should go with you;
And through the Ch'i I went quite free,
Until we reached Tun-ch'iu.
'Twas then I said, "It is not I,
Who would the time delay;
Your go-between I have not seen,
I must not run away.
I pray, sir, do not angry be;
In autumn be the day."

When autumn came, then climbed I oft
That ruined wall, and gazed
Towards Fu-kuan, my heart all soft,
With expectation raised.
When you came not, my hapless lot
With streams of tears I mourned.
At last your longed-for form I saw,
And tears to smiles were turned.
With words I strove to tell my love,

While you averment made
That shell and reeds good answer gave.
"No more delay," I said,
"Your carriage bring; I'll go at once,
My goods all in it laid."

When on the mulberry tree the leaves
All hang in glossy state,
The sight is fair. O dove, beware;
Its fruits intoxicate.
Ah! thou, young maiden, too wilt find
Cause for repentance deep,
If, by a lover's arts seduced,
Thyself thou fail to keep.
A gentleman who hastes to prove
The joys of lawless love,
For what is done may still atone;
To thee they'll fatal prove.
Thou'll try in vain excuse to feign,
Lost like the foolish dove.

When sheds its leaves the mulberry tree,
All yellow on the ground,
And sear they lie, such fate have I
Through my rash conduct found.
Three years with you in poverty
And struggles hard I've passed;

And now with carriage curtains wet,
Through flooded Ch'i I haste.
I always was the same, but you
A double mind have shown.
'Tis you, sir, base, the right transgress;
Your conduct I have known,
Aye changing with your moods of mind,
And reckless of my moan.

Three years of life I was your wife,
And labored in your house;
I early rose, late sought repose,
And so fulfilled my vows.
I never did, one morning's space,
My willing work suspend,
But me thus cruelly you treat,
And from your dwelling send.
All this my brothers will not own,
At me they'll only jeer,
And say I reap as I have sown;
Reply they will not hear.
In heart I groan, and sad bemoan
My fate with many a tear,

Together were we to grow old;—
Old now, you make me pine.
The Ch'i aye flows within its banks,

Its shores the lake confine.

But you know neither bank nor shore,

Your passions ne'er denied.

Back to my happy girlhood's time,

With hair in knot still tied,

I wildly go; I'll never know

Its smiles and chat again.

To me you clearly swore the faith,

Which now to break you're fain.

Could I foresee so false you'd be?

And now regret is vain.

James Legge.

WHEN LOVELY WOMAN STOOPS TO FOLLY

A simple and innocent youth you seemed

To my unsuspecting eye;

Your only wish was to sell your cloth,

Or our new spun silk to buy.

But thoughts of the barter of cloth or silk

Had but little place in your mind.

To win me and bear me away with you

Was the purpose which you designed.

As I walked with you part of your homeward road,

"I will not be coy," I cried.
"In the autumn, when rites have been duly done,
I promise to be your bride,"

When the autum came, how I watched for you;
And my tears would fall like the rain,
As I watched from the old city walls, but found
That my watching was all in vain.

At last you came, and I laughed with joy,
The omens you said were fair.
So I weakly yielded and fled with you
Your house and your lot to share.

In summer the leaves of the mulberry tree
Are glossy and bright to view.
They hide sweet fruit, but the dove that eats
Has bitterly cause to rue.

And the maiden's love for the youth is sweet,
Though the sweetness will pass away;
And a bitter end is reserved in store
For the maiden who goes astray.

A man by his gallant or useful deeds
His folly may expiate.
But how can a woman, who sins, atone?

As I find to my cost, too late.

For now the leaves lie yellow and sere
Beneath the mulberry tree.
Three wretched years have passed since we crossed
The flôoded fords of the Ch'i.

For many a day I was faithful and fond,
I shared all his toil and pain.
But his thoughts are fickle, his heart is false,
And he drives me back home again.

I weep when I think how I slaved for him
To midnight from early morn.
My reward is to suffer my brothers' wrath,
Their reproaches and angry scorn.

The years bring trouble, old age and change,
And what can we hope for more?
Though the marsh pools gleamed where they gleamed of old,
And the river flows as of yore.

I was but a girl, with my hair unbound
When you plighted to me your troth.
We chatted together, we talked and laughed,
But now you forget your oath.

We would live together till both grew old,
And nothing our lives should sever.
Oh, I little dreamed you would prove untrue,
And cast me aside for ever.

C.F.R. Allen.

TO A MAN

You seemed a guileless youth enough,
Offering for silk your woven stuff;
But silk was not required by you:
I was the silk you had in view.
With you I crossed the ford, and while
We wandered on for many a mile
I said, "I do not wish delay,
But friends must fix our wedding-day……
Oh, do not let my words give pain,
But with the autumn come again."

And then I used to watch and wait
To see you passing through the gate;
And sometimes when I watched in vain,
My tears would flow like falling rain;
But when I saw my darling boy,
I laughed and cried for joy.
The fortune-tellers, you declared,
Had all pronounced us duly-paired;

"Then bring a carriage," I replied,
"And I'll away to be your bride."

The mulberry-leaf, not yet undone
By autumn chill, shines in the sun.
O tender dove, I would advice,
Beware the fruit that tempts thy eyes!
O maiden fair, not yet a spouse,
List lightly hot to lovers' vows!
A man may do this wrong, and time
Will fling its shadow o'er his crime;
A woman who has lost name
Is doomed to everlasting shame.

The mulberry-tree upon the ground
Now sheds its yellow leaves around.
Three years have slipped away from me,
Since first I shared your poverty;
And now again, alas the day!
Back through the ford I take my way.
My heart is still unchanged, but you
Have uttered words now proved untrue;
And you have left me to deplore
A love that can be mine no more.

For three long years I was your wife,
And led in truth a toilsome life;

Early to rise and late to bed,
Each day alike passed o'er my head.
I honestly fulfilled my part;
And you,—well, you have broke my heart.
The truth my brothers will not know,
So all the more their gibes will flow.
I grieve in silence and repine
That such a wretched fate is mine.

Ah, hand in hand to face old age!—
Instead, I turn a bitter page.
Oh for the river-banks of yore;
Oh for the much-loved marshy shore;
The hours of girlhood, with my hair
Ungathered, as we lingered there.
The words we spoke, that seemed so true,
I little thought that I should rue;
You little thought the vows we swore.
What should I say any more?

Herbert A. Giles.

THE DESERTED WIFE

You came—a simple lad
In dark blue cotton clad,
To barter serge for silken wear;
But not for silk you dallied there.

Ah! was it not for me
Who led you through the K'e,
Who guided you
To far Tun-k'ew?
"It is not I who would put off the day;
But you have none your cause to plead,"
I said,—"O love, take heed,
When the leaves fall do with me what you may."

I saw the red leaves fall,
And climbed the ruined wall,
Towards the city of Fuh-kwan
I did the dim horizon scan.
"He cometh not," I said,
And burning tears were shed:
You came—I smiled,
Love-reconciled.
You said, "By taper reed and tortoise-shell,
I have divined, and all, O love, is well."
"Then haste the car," I cried,
"Gather my goods and take me to thy side."

Before the mulberry tree
With leaves hath strewn the lea,
How glossy-green are they! how rare!
Ah! thou young thoughtless dove beware!
Avoid the dark fruit rife

With sorrow to thy life.
And thou, whose fence
Is innocence,
Seek no sweet pleasuring with any youth!
For when a man hath sinned, but little shame
Is fastened to his name,
Yet erring woman wears the garb of ruth,

When the lone mulberry tree
With leaves bestrews the lea,
They yellow slowly, slowly down
From green to gold, from gold to brown.
Three sombre years ago
I fled with you, and lo,
The floods of K'e
Now silently
Creep to the curtains of my little car.
Through cloud and gloom I was your constant star;
Now you have gone from sight,
And love's white star roams aimless through the night.

For three long years your wife,
Toil was my part in life,
Early from sleep I rose and went
About my labour, calm, content;
Nor any morn serene
Lightened the dull routine.

Early and late,
I was your mate,
Bearing the burdens that were yours to share.
Fain of the little love that was my lot,
Ah, kinsmen, scorn me not!
How should ye know when silence chills despair?

Old we should grow in accord,
Old—and grief is my lord,
Between her banks the K'e doth steer,
And pine-woods ring the lonely mere.
In pleasant times I bound
My dark hair to the sound
Of whispered vows
'Neath lilac boughs,
And little recked o'er broken faith to weep.
Now the grey shadows o'er the marshland creep.
The willows stir and fret:
Low in the west the dull dun sun hath set.

L. Cranmer-Byng.

SONG

The K'e still ripples to its banks,
  The moorfowl cry.
My hair was gathered in a knot,
  And you came by.

Selling of silk you were, a lad
　　Not of our kin;
You passed at sunset on the road
　　From far-off Ts'in.

The frogs were croaking in the dusk;
　　The grass was wet.
We talked together, and I laughed:
　　I hear it yet.

I thought that I would be your wife;
　　I had your word.
And so I took the road with you,
　　And crosssd the ford.

I do not know when first it was
　　Your eyes looked cold.
But all this was three years ago,
　　And I am old.

Helen Waddell.

SONG

We thought you were a simple peasant
Bringing cloth to exchange for thread.
But you had not come to buy thread;
You had come to arrange about me.

You were escorted across the Ch'i
As far as Beacon Hill.
'It is not I who want to put it off;
But you have no proper match-maker.
Please do not be angry;
Let us fix on autumn as the time.'

I climbed that high wall
To catch a glimpse of Fu-kuan,
And when I could not see Fu-kuan,
My tears fell flood on flood.
At last I caught sight of Fu-kuan,
And how gaily I laughed and talked!
You consulted your yarrow-stalks
And their patterns showed nothing unlucky.
You came with your cart
And moved me and my dowry.

Before the mulberry-tree sheds its leaves,
How soft and glossy they are!
O dove, turtle-dove,
Do not eat the mulberries![1]
O ladies, ladies,
Do not take your pleasure with men.
For a man to take his pleasure
Is a thing that may be condoned.

1 Which are supposed to make doves drunk.

That a girl should take her pleasure
Cannot be condoned.

The mulberry leaves have fallen
All yellow and seared.
Since I came to you,
Three years I have eaten poverty.
The waters of the Ch'i were in flood;
They wetted the curtains of the carriage.[2]
It was not I who was at fault;
It is you who have altered your ways,
It is you who are unfaithful,
Whose favours are cast this way and that.

Three years I was your wife.
I never neglected my work.
I rose early and went to bed late;
Never did I idle.
First you took to finding fault with me,
Then you became rough with me.
My brothers disowned me;
'Ho, ho,' they laughed.
And when I think calmly over it,.
I see that it was I who brought all this upon myself.

I swore to grow old along with you;

2 Which was a good omen.

I am old, and have got nothing from you but trouble.
The Ch'i has its banks.
The swamp has its sides;
With hair looped and ribboned[3]
How gaily you talked and laughed,
And how solemnly you swore to be true,
So that I never thought there could be a change;
No, of a change I never thought;
And that this should be the end!

Arthur Waley.

君子于役

君子于役，不知其期。
曷至哉？ 鸡栖于埘，
日之夕矣，羊牛下来。
君子于役，如之何勿思。

君子于役，不日不月。
曷其有佸？鸡栖于桀，
日之夕矣，羊牛下括。
君子于役，苟无饥渴。

ODE (*Keun-tsze yu yih*)

My husband is away on service,

3 While still an uncapped youth.

And I know not when he will return.
Where is he now?
The fowls roost in their holes in the walls;
And in the evening of the day,
The goats and cows come down [from the hill];
But my husband is away on service.
How can I but keep thinking of him?

My husband is away on service,
Not for days [merely] or for months.
When will he come back to me?
The fowls roost on their perches;
And in the evening of the day,
The goats and cows come down and home;
But my husband is away on service.
Oh if he be but kept from hunger and thirst!

James Legge.

O D E *(scoticé)*

The gudeman's awa, for to fecht wi' the stranger,
An' when he'll be back, oh! my hert canna tell.
The hens gae to reist, an' the beests to their manger,
As hameward they wend frae their park on the hill.
But hoo can I, thus left alane.
Help thinking o' my man that's gane?

The gudeman's awa, for to fecht wi' the stranger,
An' lang will it be ere he see his fireside.
The hens gae to reist, an' the beests to their manger,
As the slantin' sunbeams throu the forest trees glide,
Heaven kens the lanesome things I think.
Heaven sen' my man his meat an' drink!

James Legge.

"OUR GOOD MAN'S AWA'."

To serve the state my husband goes away.
With anxious thoughts my faithful heart must burn,
Because long months or years he may delay.
Where is he now? ah, when will he return?

'Tis night-time; at the setting of the sun
I see the fowls to perch and roost retire.
The goats and cows, their grazing being done,
Descend the hill to couch within the byre.

Even the beasts a couching place have found,
Even the birds have roosts whereon to rest.
Ah, may my lord be sleeping safe and sound,
With cruel thirst and hunger undistrest.

C. E. R. Allen.

SONG

My lord is gone away to serve the King.
The pigeons homing at the set of sun
Are side by side upon the courtyard wall,
And far away I hear the herdsmen call
The goats upon the hill when day is done.
But I, I know not when he will come home.
    I live the days alone.

My lord is gone away to serve the King.
I hear a pigeon stirring in the nest,
And in the field a pheasant crying late.
—She has not far to go to find her mate.
There is a hunger will not let me rest.
The days have grown to months and months to years,
    And I have no more tears.

Helen Waddell.

SONG

My lord is on service;
He did not know for how long.
Oh, when will he come?
The fowls are roosting in their holes,
Another day is ending,

The sheep and cows are coming down.
My lord is on service;
How can I not be sad?

My lord is on service;
Not a matter of days, nor months.
Oh, when will he be here again?
The fowls are roosting on their perches,
Another day is ending,
The sheep and cows have all come down.
My lord is on service;
Were I but sure that he gets drink and food!

Arthur Waley.

THE WIFE

My husband is far, far away
At the wars.
I know not when he'll come back to me,
Nor where he may be this day.

'Tis sunset,
The fowls roost in the holes in the wall,
The sheep and cattle come in from the field;
But my husband is far, far away
At the wars.
Can my thoughts be of anything

Save of him?

My husband is far, far away
At the wars.
The days and months seem
Without end.

The fowls nestle sleepily on their high roosts.
The cattle and sheep are safe in their barns;
But my husband is far, far away
At the wars.
Heaven keep from him
Hunger and thirst!

Henry. H. Hart.

女曰鸡鸣

女曰鸡鸣。士曰昧旦。
子兴视夜，明星有灿。
将翱将翔，弋凫与雁。

弋言加之，与子宜之。
宜言饮酒，与子偕老。
琴瑟在御，莫不静好。

知子之来之，杂佩以赠之！
知子之顺之，杂佩以问之！

知子之好之，杂佩以报之！

O D E *(Neu yueh ke ming)*

Says the wife, 'It is cock-crow;'
Says the husband, 'It is grey dawn.'
'Rise, Sir, and look at the night,—
If the morning star be not shining.
Bestir yourself, and move about,
To shoot the wild ducks and geese.

'When your arrows and line have found them,
I will dress them fitly for you.
When they are dressed, we will drink[together over
 them],
And I will hope to grow old with you.
Your lute in my hands
Will emit its quiet pleasant tones.

'When I know those whose acquaintance you wish,
I will give them of the ornaments of my girdle.
When I know those with whom you are cordial,
I will send to them of the ornaments of my girdle.
When I know those whom you love,
I will repay their friendship from the ornaments of my
 girdle.'

James Legge.

ODE (*Scoticé*)

Says oor gudewife, "The cock is crawin'."
Quoth oor gudeman, "The day is dawin'."
"Get up, gudeman, an' tak a spy;
See gin the mornin' star be high,
Syne tak a saunter roon' aboot;
There's rowth o'dyukes and geese to shoot.

"Lat flee, and bring them hame to me,
An' sic a dish as ye sall pree.
In comin'times as ower the strings
Your noddin' heed in rapture hings,
Supreme ower care, nor fasht wi' fears,
We'll baith grow auld in worth and years.

"An' when we meet the friends ye like,
I'll gie to each some little fyke;—
The lasses beads, trocks to their brithers,
An' auld-warld fairlies to their mithers.
Some knickknack lovin' hands will fin'
To show the love that dwalls within."

James Legge.

THE FOWLER AND HIS WIFE

"Hark!" saith the good wife; "hark! the cock
doth crow."—
"Nay," saith the goodman; "nay, as yet 'tis
night."—
"No, sir; arise, 'tis time for you to go;
The morning star is shining clear and bright.
Bearing your bow and arrows, take your way,
Where you the wild geese and the ducks may slay."

"Your quarry shot and pouched, then homeward fare,
And I will dress the game with care and skill.
All your old friends shall come the feast to share,
For them and you the goblets I will fill.
And ready to your hand your lute I'll lay,
And surely thus will pass a pleasant day."

"My husband's friends are not his friends alone,
But by his wife is their affection felt.
Thy comrades dear I'll cherish as my own;
To them I'll give the jewels of my belt.
That these may form a gift, wherewith I may
Their cordial kinduess and their love repay."

C.F.R.Allen.

SONG

The lady says: 'The cock has crowed;'
The knignt says: 'Day has not dawned,'
'Rise, then, and look at the night;
The morning star is shining.
You must be out and abroad,
Must shoot the wild-duck and wild-geese.

When you have shot them, you must bring them home
And I will dress them for you,
And when I have dressed them we will drink wine
And I will be yours till we are old.
I will set your zitherns before you;
All shall be peaceful and good.

Did I but know those who come to you,
I have girdle-stones of many sorts to give them;
Did I but know those that have followed you,
I have girdle-stones of many sorts as presents for them.
Did I know those that love you,
I have girdle-stones of many sorts to requite them.'

Arthur Waley.

鸡 鸣

鸡既鸣矣，朝既盈矣。
匪鸡则鸣，苍蝇之声。

东方明矣，朝既昌矣。
匪东方则明，月出之光。

虫飞薨薨，甘与子同梦。
会且归矣，无庶予子憎。

ODE *(ke ming)*

'The cock has crowed;
The court is full.'
But it was not the cock that was crowing;—
It was the sound of the blue files.

'The east is bright;
The court is crowded.
But it was not the east that was bright;—
It was the light of the moon coming forth.

'The insects are flying in buzzing crowds;
It would be sweet to lie by you and dream,
But the assembled officers will be going home.—

Let them not hate both me and you.'

James Legge.

ODE

His lady to the marquis says,
"The cock has crowed; 'tis late.
Get up, my lord, and haste to court.
'Tis full; for you they wait,"
She did not hear the cock's shrill sound,
Only the blue flies buzzing round.

Again she wakes him with the words,
"The east, my lord, is bright.
A crowded court your presence seeks;
Get up, and hail the light,"
'Twas not the dawning light which shone,
But that which by the moon was thrown.

He sleeping still, once more she says,
"The flies are buzzing loud,
To lie and dream here by your side
Were pleasant, but the crowd
Of officers will soon retire;
Draw not on you and me their ire!"

James Legge.

A WIFE'S DUTIES

Wife—

"Do you hear that sound? 'Tis the cock a crowing.
Do you see the ligtit? 'Tis the dawn a glowing.
In the Audience Hall Ministers of State
Flock in crowds to greet you. Do not make them
wait."

Husband—

"Nay 'tis not the cock; 'tis the night flies humming,
Nay 'tis not the dawn, nor the morning coming.
Day is not at hand. This is but the light
Of the morning star shining clear and bright."

Wife—

"Though it would be sweet at your side to lie,
Dreaming pleasant dreams till the sun was high;
If they only find a bare and vacant hall,
They will go. On us will their anger fall."

C.F.R. Allen.

SONG

The lady:

The cock has crowed;

It is full daylight.

The lover:
It was not the cock that crowed,
It was he buzzing of those green flies.

The lady:
The eastern sky glows;
It is broad daylight.

The lover:
That is not the glow of dawn,
But the rising moon's light.
The gnats fly drowsily;
It would be sweet to share a dream with you.

The Lady:
Quick! Go home!
Lest I have cause to hate you!

Arthur Waley.

车　攻

我车既工，我马既同。
四牡庞庞，驾言徂东。

田车既好，四牡孔阜。

东有甫草，驾言行狩。

之子于苗，选徒嚣嚣。
建旐设旄，搏兽于敖。

驾彼四牡，四牡奕奕。
赤芾金舄，会同有绎。

决拾既佽，弓矢既调。
射夫既同，助我举柴。

四黄既驾，两骖不猗。
不失其驰，舍矢如破。

萧萧马鸣，悠悠旆旌。
徒御不惊，大庖不盈。

之子于征，有闻无声。
允矣君子，展也大成。

ODE *(Cheu kung)*

Our chariots were strong,
Our horses were well-matched;
And with four steeds [for each], sleek and large,
We yoked and proceeded to the east.

Our hunting carriages were good,
And their four steeds in fine condition.
Eastwards were the grassy plains of Foo;—
We yoked and went there to hunt.

Of the officers in charge of the hunt,
The voices resounded as they told off the men.
They set up the banners, with ox-tails displayed,
And we proceeded to pursue the chase in Gaou.

With their four-horsed chariots [they came],
Forming a long train,
In their red knee-covers and gold-adorned slippers,
Like the crowd of an occasional or a general audience.

The bowstring thimbles and armlets were fitted on;
The bows and arrows were adjusted to one another;
The archers acted in unison,
Helping us to rear a pile of game.

Of the four yellow horses of each chariot,
The two outsiders inclined not to either side.
No error in driving was committed,
And the arrows went forth like downright blows.

As if at their ease, the horses neighed,
Long and slow moved the line of pennons and banners;

The footmen and charioteers created no alarms;
The great kitchen did not claim its full complement.
So did the officers conduct this expedition,
Without any clamour in the noise of it.
Truly a princely man is [the king];
Great indeed are his achievements!

James Legge.

ODE

Our chariots were well built and firm,
Well matched our steeds, and fleet and strong.
Four, sleek and large, each chariot drew,
And eastward thus we drove along.

Our hunting cars were light and good,
Each with its team of noble steeds.
Still further east we took the way
To Fu mere's grassy plains that leads.

Loud-voiced, the masters of the chase
Arranged the huntsmen, high and low.
While banners streamed, and oxtails flew,
We sought the prey on distant Gaou.

Each with full team, the princes came.
A lengthened train in bright array.

In gold-wrought slippers, kneecaps red,

They looked as on an audience day.

Each right thumb wore the metal guard;

On the left arm its shield was bound.

In unison the arrows flew;

The game lay piled upon the ground.

The leaders of the tawny teams

Sped on their course, direct and true.

The drivers perfect skill displayed;

Like blow well aimed each arrow flew.

Neighing and pleased, the steeds returned;

The bannered lines hack slowly came.

No jostling rude disgraced the crowd;

The king declined large share of game.

So did this famous hunt proceed!

So free it was from clamorous sound!

Well does our king become his place,

And high the deeds his reign have crowned!

James Legge.

THE GRAND HUNTING

Strong were our cars; each horse was sleek,

Though stout and hardy was his frame.

The eastern grassy plains we seek,
    Where we may find and kill the game.
Dressed as for audience at the Court,
    With knee-caps and gold slippers fine,
The princes come to join the sport.
    Their chariots form a lenthy line.

The leaders who conduct the hunt
    Tell off their men with noise and shout.
The flags and yak-tails stream in front,
    As to the chase we sally out.

The archers fit their armlets on,
    And make their bows and arrows sure;
For they must shoot in unison,
    If piles of game they would secure.

Straight and direct each chariot goes,—
    Let not your borses swerve or shy—
As fall the axe or hammer blows,
    Straight and direct your shafts must fly.

The horses neigh, the line moves slow.
    We leave unroused no single lair.
Else would the royal kitchen show
    Itself devoid of game, and bare.

Thus did our expedition fare.

　　Successful, famous, and complete.

Such were the lords who came to share

　　The praise and glory of the feat,

C. F. R. Allen.

SONG

Our chariots are strong,
Our horses well matched.
Team of stallions lusty
We yoke and go to the east.

Our hunting chariots are splendid,
Our teams very sturdy
In the east are wide grasslands;
We yoke, and a-hunting we go.

My lord follows the chase
With picked footmen so noisy,
Sets up his banners, his standards,
Far afield he hunts in Ao.

We yoke those four steeds,
The four steeds so big.
Red greaves, gilded slippers—
The meet has great glamour.

Thimbles and armlets are fitted,
Bows and arrows all adjusted,
The bowmen assembled
Help us to fire the brushwood.

A team of bays we drive;
The two helpers do not get crossways,
Faultlessly are they driven,
While our arrows shower like chaff.

Subdued, the horses whinny;
Gently the banners wave.
'If footmen and riders are not orderly
The great kitchen will not be filled.

My lord on his journeys
Without clamour wins fame.
Truly, a gentleman he;
In very truth, a great achievement.

Arthur Waley.

楚　辞

The Elegies of Ch'u

国　殇

操吴戈兮被犀甲，车错毂兮短兵接。
旌蔽日兮敌若云，矢交坠兮士争先。
凌余阵兮躐余行，左骖殪兮右刃伤。
霾两轮兮絷四马，援玉枹兮击鸣鼓。
天时坠兮威灵怒，严杀尽兮弃原野。
出不入兮往不反，平原忽兮路超远。
带长剑兮挟秦弓，首身离兮心不惩。
诚既勇兮又以武，终刚强兮不可凌。
身既死兮神以灵，子魂魄兮为鬼雄。

THE BATTLE

We take our trusty spears in hand,
We don our coats of mail;
When chariot-wheels are interlocked,
With daggers we assail.
Standards obscure the light of day,
Like rushing clouds their brunt;

Arrows on both sides fall around;
　　All struggle to the front.
Our line at last is broken through,
　　Beneath the foeman's heels;
My own near horse is killed outright,
　　The off horse wounded reels,
The team becomes a useless mass,
　　Entangled in the wheels.
With stick of jade I strike the drum,
　　And beat to hurry on,
For though by God's decree I fell,
　　My ardor was not gone.
Our best men were all done to death,
　　Their corpses strewed the plain;
They went out but did not come in,
　　Not to return again,
And now upon the battle-field,
　　Far from their homes they lie,
Their long swords still within their grasp,
　　And their stout bows near by.
A head is here, a body there,
　　And yet they never quailed,
Being so brave and soldiers too,
　　Nor in their duty failed.
But now, though lifeless clay, their souls,
　　Are with the heavenly hosts,
To lead once more an army corps

Of disembodied ghosts.

Herbert A. Giles.

BATTLE

"We grasp our battle-spears: we don our breast-plates of hide.
The axles of our chariots touch: our short swords meet.
Standards obscure the sun: the foe roll up like clouds.
Arrows fall thick: the warriors press forward.
They menace our ranks: they break our line.
The left-hand trace-horse is dead: the one on the right is smitten.
The fallen horses block our wheels: they impede the yoke-horses!
They grasp their jade drum-sticks: they beat the sounding drums.
Heaven decrees their fall: the dread Powers are angry.
The warriors are all dead: they lie on the moor-field.
They issued but shall not enter: they went but shall not return.
The plains are flat and wide: the way home is long.
Their swords lie beside them: their black bows, in their hand.
Though their limbs were torn, their hearts could not be repressed.

They were more than brave: they were inspired with
the spirit of "Wu."
Steadfast to the end, they could not be daunted.
Their bodies were stricken, but their souls have taken
Immortality—
Captains among the ghosts, heroes among the dead.

Arthur Waley.

FOR THOSE FALLEN FOR THEIR COUNTRY

We grasp long spears, clad in rhinoceros' hide,
Our chariots clash, the daggers gashing wide;
Flags shade the sun, like lowering clouds the foe,
While arrows fall our warriors forward go;
They pierce our line, our ranks are overborne,
My left-hand horse is slain, its fellow torn;
My wheels are locked and fast my steeds become,
I raise jade rods and beat the sounding drum.
The Heaven grows wrath, the Gods our fall ordain,
And cruelly we perish on the plain;
Our men came forth but never shall return,
Through weary plain stretches the way eterne;
We clasp long swords with black bows grimly set,
Though cleft the skull the heart knows no regret;
Warlike indeed, so resolute and proud,
Undaunted still and by no peril cowed,

Our spirits deathless, though our bodies slain,
Proudly as kings among the ghosts shall reign.

Gladys M. Taylor & H. Y. Yang.

Part Ⅱ Pre-T'ang Poets

第二章 汉魏六朝

阙 名

Anonymous

古诗十九首

其 二

青青河畔草，郁郁园中柳。
盈盈楼上女，皎皎当窗牖。
娥娥红粉妆，纤纤出素手。
昔为倡家女，今为荡子妇。
荡子行不归，空床难独守。

NEGLECTED

Green grows the grass upon the bank,
The willow-shoots are long and lank;

A lady in a glistening gown
Opens the casement and looks down.
The roses on her cheek blush bright
Her rounded arm is dazzling white;
A singing-girl in early life,
And now a careless roué's wife…
Ah, if he does not mind his own,
He'll find some day the bird has flown!

Herbert A. Giles.

THE BEAUTIFUL TOILET

Blue, blue is the grass about the river
And the willows have overfilled the close garden.
And within, the mistress, in the midmost of her
youth,
White, white of face, hesitates, passing the door,
Slender, she puts forth a slender hand.

And she was a courtezan in the old days,
And she has married a sot,
Who now goes drunkenly out
And leaves her too much alone.

Ezra Pound.

SEVENTEEN OLD POEMS (2)

Green, green,

The grass by the river-bank.
Thick, thick,
The willow trees in the garden.
Sad, sad,
The lady in the tower.
White, white,
At the casement window.
Fair, fair,
Her red-powdered face.
Small, small,
She puts out her pale hand.
Once she was a dancing-house girl,
Now she is a wandering man's wife.
The wandering man went, but did not return.
It is hard alone to keep an empty bed.

Arthur Waley.

其　六

涉江采芙蓉，兰泽多芳草。
采之欲遗谁，所思在远道。
还顾望旧乡，长路漫浩浩。
同心而离居，忧伤以终老。

PARTED

The red hibiscus and the reed,
The fragrant flowers of marsh and mead,—

All these I gather as I stray,
As though for one now far away.
I strive to pierce with straining eyes
The distance that between us lies.
Alas that heart which beats as one
Should thus be parted and undone!

Herbert A. Giles.

SEVENTEEN OLD POEMS (6)

Crossing the river I pluck hibiscus-flowers:
In the orchid-swamps are many fragrant herbs.
I gather them, but whom shall I send them to?
My love is living in lands far away.
I turn and look towards my own country:
The long road stretches on for ever.
The same heart, yet a different dwelling:
Always fretting, till we are grown old!

Arthur Waley.

其　十　三

驱车上东门，遥望郭北墓。
白杨何萧萧，松柏夹广路。
下有陈死人，杳杳即长暮。
潜寐黄泉下，千载永不寤。
浩浩阴阳移，年命如朝露。
人生忽如寄，寿无金石固。

万岁更相送，圣贤莫能度。
服食求神仙，多为药所误。
不如饮美酒，被服纨与素。

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

Forth from the eastern gate my steeds I drive,
　　And lo! a cemetery meets my view;
Aspens around in wild luxuriance thrive,
　　The road is fringed with fir and pine and yew.
Beneath my feet lie the forgotten dead,
　　Wrapped in a twilight of eternal gloom;
Down by the Yellow Springs their earthy bed,
　　And everlasting silence is their doom.
How fast the lights and shadows come and go!
　　Like morning dew our fleeting life has passed;
Man, a poor traveller on earth below,
　　Is gone, while brass and stone can still outlast.
Time is inexorable, and in vain
　　Against his might the holiest mortal strives;
Can we then hope this precious boon to gain,
　　By strange elixirs to prolong our lives?…
Oh, rather quaff good liquor while we may,
　　And dress in silk and satin every day.

Herbert A. Giles.

REFLECTIONS ON THE BREVITY OF LIFE

We sought the city by the Eastern gate,
Our chariot moving at a leisured rate,
Along the road on which the sunlight weaves
The trembling of the willow's rustling leaves.

And far away are pine-trees towering high,
Beneath whose shade the graves of heroes lie;
In Hades now their last long sleep they take,
From which a mortal never more shall wake.

How vast the gulf between the quick and dead!
Yet as the morning dew our life is sped;
The rocks and hills enduring strength retain,
But mortals pass in fast and endless train.

Alas! the sages are inert to trace
Beyond the grave the future of our race;
Alchemic nostrums, too, are used in vain,
They cannot turn life's ills to endless gain.

Then let us drain the goblet while we live,
And take the best the fleeting hour can give.
In life a little pleasure may be won,

To-morrow we must die and there'll be none.

Charles Budd.

SEVENTEEN OLD POEMS (12)

I drive my chariot up to the Eastern Gate;
From afar I see the graveyard north of the Wall.
The white aspens how they murmur, murmur;
Pines and cypresses flank the broad paths.
Beneath lie men who died long ago;
Black, black is the long night that holds them.
Deep down beneath the Yellow Springs,
Thousands of years they lie without waking.
In infinite succession light and darkness shift,
And years vanish like the morning dew.
Man's life is like a sojourning,
His longevity lacks the firmness of stone and metal.
For ever it has been that mourners in their turn
were mourned,
Saint and Sage,—all alike are trapped.
Seeking by food to obtain Immortality
Many have been the dupe of strange drugs.
Better far to drink good wine
And clothe our bodies in robes of satin and silk.

Arthur Waley.

其　十　五

生年不满百，常怀千岁忧。
昼短苦夜长，何不秉烛游。
为乐当及时，何能待来兹。
愚者爱惜费，但为后世嗤。
仙人王子乔，难可与等期。

CARPE DIEM

Man reaches scarce a hundred, yet his fears
Would fill a lifetime of a thousand years.
When days are short and night's long hours move
　　slow,
Why not with lamp in search of pleasure go?
This day alone gives sure enjoyment—this!
Why then await to-morrow's doubtful bliss?
Fools grudge to spend their wealth while life abides,
And then posterity their thrift derides.
We cannot hope, like Wang Tzŭ-ch'iao, to rise
And find a paradise beyond the skies.

Herbert A. Giles.

THE BREVITY OF LIFE

Our years on earth are brief,
　But few a hundred win;

A thousand years of grief
　　Are packed therein.

The day quick takes its flight,
　　The dark is sad and long;
Then let us cheer the night
　　With feast and song.

The niggard thinks it wise
　　To save and live by rule;
But sages may arise
　　To call him fool!

Charles Budd.

SEVENTEEN OLD POEMS *(14)*

The years of a lifetime do not reach a hundred,
Yet they contain a thousand years' sorrow.
When days are short and the dull nights long,
Why not take a lamp and wander forth?
If you want to be happy you must do it now,
There is no waiting till an after-time.
The fool who's loath to spend the wealth he's got
Becomes the laughing-stock of after ages.
It is true that Master Wang became immortal,
But how can we hope to share his lot?

Arthur Waley.

十五从军征

十五从军征，八十始得归。
道逢乡里人，“家中有阿谁?”
“遥看是君家，松柏冢累累。”
兔从狗窦入，雉从梁上飞，
中庭生旅谷，井上生旅葵。
舂谷持作饭，采葵持作羹。
羹饭一时熟，不知贻阿谁。
出门东向看，泪落沾我衣。

THE OLD SOLDIER'S RETURN

I was but fifteen when I left my friends
For distant climes to fight our Country's foe,
And now I'm eighty—back for the first time
To see the home I left so long ago.

Where is the house? I should be near it now,
Yet possibly I may have gone astray;
Long years abroad have blurred the youthful brain,
I'll ask this countryman to point the way.

'The house is yonder—midst those grassy mounds,
Beneath the shade of fir and cypress trees,
And there lie buried all the kith and kin
Of former tillers of these fallow leas.'

The veteran sighed and wandered to the house,
And found it overgrown and desolate;
A startled hare fled through the kennel's hole,
And pheasants flew from ceiling beams ornate.

Exhausted by the journey and his grief,
The old man plucked some grain from patches wild,
And mallows from around the courtyard well,
As in the days when but a little child.

But when the homely fare was cooked and spread,
And not a friend to cheer the lonely place,
He rose, and going out to eastward gazed,
While tears flowed down his worn and furrowed face.

Charles Budd.

"OLD POEM"

At fifteen I weut with the army,
At fourscore I came home.
On the way I met a man from the village,
I asked him who there was at home.
"That over there is your house,
All covered over with trees and bushes."
Rabbits had run in at the dog-hole,

Pheasants flew down from the beams of the roof.
In the courtyard was growing some wild grain;
And by the well, some wild mallows.
I'll boil the grain and make poridge,
I'll pluck the mallows and make soup.
Soup and porridge are both cooked,
But there is no one to eat them with.
I went out and looked towards the east,
While tears fell and wetted my clothes.

Arthur Waley.

上山采蘼芜

上山采蘼芜，下山逢故夫。
长跪问故夫："新人复何如。"
"新人虽言好，未若故人姝。
颜色类相似，手爪不相如。"
"新人从门入，故人从阁去。"
"新人工织缣，故人工织素。
织缣日一匹，织素五丈余，
将缣来比素，新人不如故。"

ESTIMATING THE VALUE OF A WIFE

Once upon a time a husband, weary,
Of the selfsame face before him day by day,
Determined to dismiss his goodwife promptly,

And take a new one—to her great dismay!

Without delay the little deal was settled,—
The husband on his purpose being bent,—
The new wife through the front door entered grandly,
The old one from a side-door sadly went.

One day the old wife to her home returning,
From gathering wild flowers on the mountainside,
Met with her quondam master in the valley,
And, kneeling, asked him how the new one vied!

'The new wife', said the husband very slowly,
'Has beauty that is equal to your own,
But still her hands are not so deft and useful,
Nor can she compass so much work alone.

'The new wife's hands are very skilled in weaving,
Embroidered satins with her dainty touch;
The old wife's fingers, faster and unwearied,
Of useful fabrics weave five times as much.

'So when I reckon up the charms and uses
Of goodwives, number One and number Two,
There's little room within my mind for doubting,
I had the better bargain when I'd you.'

Charles Budd.

OLD AND NEW

She went up the mountain to pluck wild herbs;
She came down the mountain and met her former
　　husband.
She knelt down and asked her former husband
"What do you find your new wife like?"
"My new wife, although her talk is clever,
Cannot charm me as my old wife could.
In beauty of face there is not much to choose,
But in usefulness they are not at all alike.
My new wife comes in from the road to meet me;
My old wife always came down from her tower.
My new wife is clever at embroidering silk;
My old wife was good at plain sewing.
Of silk embroidery one can do an inch a day;
Of plain sewing, more than five feet.
Putting her silks by the side of your sewing,
I see that the new will not compare with the old."

Arthur Waley.

陌　上　桑

日出东南隅，照我秦氏楼。
秦氏有好女，自名为罗敷。
罗敷喜蚕桑，采桑城南隅。

青丝为笼系，桂枝为笼钩。
头上倭堕髻，耳中明月珠。
湘绮为下裙，紫衣为上襦。
行者见罗敷，下担捋髭须。
少年见罗敷，脱帽著帩头。
耕者忘其犁，锄者忘其锄。
来归相怨怒，但坐观罗敷。
使君从南来，五马立踟蹰。
使君遣吏往，问是谁家姝。
“秦氏有好女，自名为罗敷。”
“罗敷年几何？”“二十尚不足，
十五颇有余。”“使君谢罗敷，
宁可共载不。”罗敷前置辞：
“使君一何愚。使君自有妇，
罗敷自有夫。”
“东方千余骑，夫婿居上头。
何用识夫婿，白马从骊驹。
青丝系马尾，黄金络马头。
腰中鹿卢剑，可值千万余。
十五府小史，二十朝大夫。
三十侍中郎，四十专城居。
为人洁白皙，鬑鬑颇有须。
盈盈公府步，冉冉府中趋。
坐中数千人，皆言夫婿殊。”

THE LADY LO - FU

On a bright and sunny morning,
　　From her mother's house there came,
One who needed no adorning, —
　　Lo-Fu was the lady's name.

On her arm a basket swinging,
　　Made of silk her own band weaves,
Forth she wanders blithely singing,
　　Bent on gathering mulberry leaves.

From her head in graceful tresses
　　Falls the fine and lustrous hair,
While each shapely ear caresses
　　Just one pearl of beauty rare.

Purple bodice, broidered quaintly,
　　Silken skirt with amber lace,
Gave the touch demure and saintly
　　To her sweetly winsome face.

Travellers dropped the loads they carried,
　　And in wonder stroked their chin;
Young men, whether free or married,
　　Doffed their hats a glance to win.

Farmers stay their hand in ploughing,
Peasants stand as in a dream,
Now and then the trees allowing
Of the girl a passing gleam.

On this morn an Envoy passing,
From a mission to the sea,
Where much wealth he'd been amassing,
Saw Lo-Fu beneath a tree.

For her silkworms food providing,
Work she did with greatest zest;
All her friends around residing
Owned her silk was of the best.

Near the tree the Envoy stopping
With his escort in array,
Soldiers boughs of mulberries lopping
Helped to make a fine display.

From his retinue emerging
Came the Envoy's trusty man,
Who bis master's message urging,
Gently asked her name and clan.

'Lo-Fu,' came the answer proudly,
'Of the ancient house of T'sin!'

Adding, too, a little loudly,
'And my age is seventeen.'

'Will you join me?' asked the Envoy,
'Sharing all my wealth and power,
All the treasures of this convoy
Would not far exceed your dower!

'You have a wife,' she answered coldly,
'And most foolish are, I fear;
I,' she added firm and boldly,
'Also have a husband dear,

'And my husband is the leader
Of a thousand horsemen brave,
Midst whom not one base seceder
Would another captain crave!

'On his charger, white and fiery,
'Mongst the troop he's first espied,
Soldier-like, erect and wiry,
With his keen sword by his side.

'When but fifteen he enlisted
Without patronage or fame,
And at twenty, unassisted,
Officer at Court became.

'Then at thirty, unexpected,
Captain in the Royal Clan;
Now at forty he's selected
Chief commandant of Ch'ang-an.

'Gallant, but of gentle bearing,
When the battle's fought and won,
For the praise of men less caring
Than the meed for duty done.

'Yes, a clear-eyed, clean-souled hero
Is the man I'm praising now,
And your value sinks to zero
When compared with his, I vow.

'True, a lowly work I'm doing,
And the silk we use I spin,
But remember you are wooing
Lo-Fu of the House of T'sin.

Charles Budd.

BALLAD

The sun rises from the southeast nook.
It shines on the house of Master Chin.
Master Chin, he has a comely daughter.
Lo-foh is her name.

Lo-foh feeds her silk-worms well.

She picks mulberry leaves south of the city.
Her basket has a cord of blue silk;
And a hook made of a laurel branch.

Her hair is dressed in pretty knots of Wa-do;
Bright moonstones hang from her ears.
Of yellow silk is her petticoat,
And of purple silk her jacket.

The Lord Governor, he comes from the south,
His five horses stop and stay.
The Lord Goveanor bids his men ask;
And they say: "Who art thou, little maid?"

"I am the fair daughter of Master Chin,
"Lo-foh is my name."
"How old art thou, Lo-foh?"
"I am still less than twenty,
"But more than fifteen—yea, much more."

The Lord Governor, he entreats Lo – foh.
Says he, "Wilt thou ride with me, yea or nay?"
Lo-foh comes forward and replies:
"My Lord Governor," says she, "how foolish, indeed!
"My Lord Governor, you have your own lady,
"And Lo-foh, she has a man of her own."

Obata.

THE SONG OF LO-FU

The sun has risen on the eastern brim of the world,
Shines into the high chambers of the house of Ch'in.
In the house of Ch'in is a lovely lady dwelling,
That calls herself the Lady Lo-fu.
This lady loves her silk-worms and mulberry-trees;
She's plucking leaves at the southern edge of the town.
With blue thread are the joints of her basket bound;
Of cassia-boughs are the loops of her basket made.
Her soft hair hangs in loose plaits;
The pearl at her ear shines like a dazzling moon.
Of yellow damask is made her shirt beneath;
Of purple damask is made her cloak above.
The passer-by who looks on Lo-fu
Drops his luggage and strokes the hair on his cheek.
The young men when they see Lo-fu
Doff their caps and show their red scarfs.
The labouring ploughman thinks no more of his plough,
The hind in the field thinks no more of his hoe,
Wistful and angry each leaves his task
And can only sit gazing at Lo-fu,
The Lord Governor drives his coach from the south;
His five horses suddenly slow their pace.
He's sent his sheriff: "Quickly bring me word
Of what house may this lovely lady be?"

"In the house of Ch'in the fair lady dwells;
She calls herself the Lady Lo-fu."
"Oh tell me, sheriff, tell me how old she may be!"
"A score of years she has not yet filled;
To fifteen she has added somewhat more."
The Lord Governor calls to Lo-fu:
"Tell me, lady, will you ride by me or no?"
She stands before him, she gives him answer straight:
"My Lord Governor has not ready wits.
Has he not guessed that just as he has a wife
So I too have my husband dear?
Yonder to eastward a band of horse is riding,
More than a thousand, and my love is at their head."
"By what sign shall I your husband know?"
"His white horse is followed by a black colt,
With blue thread is tied the horse's tail;
With yellow gold is bridled that horse's head.
At his waist he wears a windlass-hilted sword
You could not buy for many pounds of gold.
At fifteen they made him a Governor's clerk;
At twenty they made him a Chamberlain at court.
At thirty he sat at the Emperor's Council Board,
At forty they gave him a city for his very own—
A wholesome man, fair, white and fine;
Soft and silky is the down that grows on his cheek,
Proudly and proudly he walks to the palace gate;
Stately, stately be strides through the palace hall.

In that great hall thousands of courtiers sit,
Yet none but names him the finest man of them all."

Arthur Waley.

汉武帝

Han Wu-ti

落叶哀蝉曲

罗袂兮无声，
玉墀兮尘生。
虚房冷而寂寞，
落叶依于重扃。
望彼美之女兮安得，
感余心之未宁。

GONE

The sound of rustling silk is stilled,
With dust the marble courtyard filled;
No footfalls echo on the floor,
Fallen leaves in heaps block up the door…
For she, my pride, my lovely one is lost,
And I am left, in hopeless anguish tossed.

Herbert A. Giles.

LI FU-JEN

The sound of her silk skirt has stopped.
On the marble pavement dust grows.
Her empty room is cold and still,
Fallen leaves are piled against the doors.
Longing for that lovely lady
How can I bring my aching heart to rest?

Arthur Waley.

TO THE AIR: "THE FALLEN LEAVES AND THE PLAINTIVE CICADA"

There is no rustle of silken sleeves,
Dust gathers in the Jade Courtyard.
The empty houses are cold, still, without sound.
The leaves fall and lie upon the bars of doorway after doorway
I long for the Most Beautiful One; How can I attain my desire?
Pain bursts my heart. There is no peace.

Amy Lowell.

TO ONE WHO HAS PASSED

Alas!

In vain I listen
For the rustle of your silks.
O my lady!

The dust lies thick
In the palace courts.
The fallen leaves are heaped
Against your locked and bolted door,
And your empty room
Is silent, cold, and still.

My poor heart can find no rest,
My lovely lady;
For you have gone forever,
And my longing is in vain.

Henry H. Hart.

秋 风 辞

秋风起兮白云飞，草木黄落兮雁南归。
兰有秀兮菊有芳，怀佳人兮不能忘。
泛楼船兮济汾河，横中流兮扬素波。
箫鼓鸣兮发棹歌，欢乐极兮哀情多，
少壮几时兮奈老何。

AMARI ALIQUID

The autumn blast drives the white scud in the sky,
Leaves fade, and wild geese sweeping south meet the eye;
The scent of late flowers fills the soft air above,
My heart full of thoughts of the lady I love.
In the river the barges forrevel-carouse
Are lined by white waves which break over their bows;
Their oarsmen keep time to the piping and
　　drumming…
　　　　　Yet joy is as naught
　　　　　Alloyed by the thought
That youth slips away and that old age is coming.

Herbert A. Giles.

THE AUTUMN WIND

Autumn wind rises: white clouds fly.
Grass and trees wither: geese go south.
Orchids all in bloom: chrysanthemums smell sweet.
I think of my lovely lady: I never can forget.
Floating-pagoda boat crosses Fen River.
Across the mid-stream white waves rise.
Flute and drum keep time to sound of the rowers'
　　song;
Amidst revel and feasting, sad thoughts come;

Youth's years how few! Age how sure!

Arthur Waley.

班婕妤

Pan Chieh – yu

秋 扇 怨

新裂齐纨素，鲜洁如霜雪。
裁为合欢扇，团团似明月。
出入君怀袖，动摇微风发。
常恐秋节至，凉飚夺炎热。
弃捐箧笥中，恩情中道绝。

THE AUTUMN FAN

O fair white silk, fresh from the weaver's loom,
Clear as the frost, bright as the winter snow—
See! friendship fashions out of thee a fan,
Round as the round moon shines in heaven above;
At home, abroad, a close companion thou,
Stirring at every move the grateful gale;
And yet I fear, ah me! that autumn chills,
Cooling the dying summer's torrid rage.

Will see thee laid neglected on the shelf,
All thought of bygone days, like them bygone.

Herbert A. Giles.

LINES INSCRIBED ON A FAN

Of fresh new silk all snowy white,
And round as harvest moon;
A pledge of purity and love,
A small, but welcome boon.

While summer lasts, borne in the hand,
Or folded on the breast;
'Twill gently soothe thy burning brow.
And charm thee to thy rest.

But ah! when autumn frosts descend,
And winter winds blow cold,
No longer sought, no longer loved,
'Twill lie in dust and mould.

This silken fan then deign accept,
Sad emblem of my lot;
Caressed and fondled for an hour,
Then speedily forgot.

W. A. P. Martin.

A SONG OF GRIEF

Glazed silk, newly cut, smooth, glittering, white,
As white, as clear, even as frost and snow.
Perfectly fashioned into a fan,
Round, round, like the brilliant moon,
Treasured in my Lord's sleeve, taken out, put in—
Wave it, shake it, and a little wind flies from it.
How often I fear the Autumn Season's coming
And the fierce, cold wind which scatters the blazing
heat.
Discarded, passed by, laid in a box alone;
Such a little time, and the thing of love cast off.

Amy Lowell.

苏　武

Su Wu

别　妻

结发为夫妻，恩爱两不疑。
欢娱在今夕，燕婉及良时。
征夫怀往路，起视夜何其？

参辰皆已没，去去从此辞。
行役在战场，相见未有期。
握手一长叹，泪为生别滋。
努力爱春华，莫忘欢乐时。
生当复来归，死当长相思。

SU WU TO HIS WIFE

Twin trees whose boughs together twine,
Two birds that guard one nest,
We'll soon be far asunder torn,
As sunrise from the West.

Hearts knit in childhood's innocence,
Long bound in Hymen's ties;
One goes to distant batte-fields,
One sits at home and sighs.

Like carrier bird, though seas divide,
I'll seek my lonely mate;
But if afar I find a grave,
You'll mourn my hapless fate.

To us the future's all unknown,
In memory seek relief;
Come, touch the chords you know so well,
And let them soothe our grief.

W.A.P. Martin.

A SOLDIER'S FAREWELL TO HIS WIFE

My dear wife, you and I have been as one,
No doubt has marred the faith, which love has won,
Our chief desire throughout the married state
Has been of love and joy to give and take.

But now, alas! the joy of Spring departs,
And sorrow's shafts must enter both our hearts;
I cannot sleep; I must arise and see
The time; ah me, how quick the hours do flee!

Awake, my dearest, for the stars have set,
The grief of parting must be bravely met;
And yet the dreary marches weight my mind,—
As through defiles and desert plains they wind.

And then, at last, the awful battle-field,
Where I must fight and naught to foemen yield;
But, oh! the bitter, paralysing pain—
To think that we may never meet again!

I must let fall the long restrained tears
As, clasping hands, you calm my anxious fears;
If not, my heart will break with sighs repressed

To hear your love so tenderly confessed.

But courage, we will think of Young Love's day,
And all the pleasures which therein did stay;
And this shall cheer me on the toilsome road,
And help you here to bear your weary load.

Then with what joy we shall renew our life,
When I return safe from the dreadful strife;
But if, alas! the Fates should death decree,
My spirit shall for ever live with thee.

Charles Budd.

TO HIS WIFE

Since you and I
Exchanged the vows that made us one,
No shadow of distrust has marred our love.
Yet that hateful night
Crept on us unaware,
Put an end to happiness,
And tore you from my arms.

You, ever fearing, ever watching
For the hour of the march,
Stood long
Looking out into the night.

The bright stars had long since hidden
In the deep heavens.
And the heavy darkness hung blacker still.

You took me in your arms and said:
"Farewell!
The battle calls,
And only Heaven knows
If we shall ever meet again!"

How tight you held my hand!
I can see yet
The tear that fell upon it,
And those words you whispered last
I treasure still:

"Do not forget the hours of life and love
That we have shared.
If I live,
I shall surely come back to you.
If I die.
Remember
That all my thoughts have always been of you."

Henry H. Hart.

TO HIS WIFE

Since our hair was plaited and we became man and
wife.
The love between us was never broken by doubt.
So let us be merry this night together,
Feasting and playing while the good time lasts.

I suddenly remember the distance that I must travel;
I spring from bed and look out to see the time.
The stars and planets are all grown dim in the sky;
Long, long is the road; I cannot stay.

I am going on service, away to the battle-ground,
And I do not know when I shall come back.
I hold your hand with only a deep sigh;
Afterwards, tears—in the days when we are parted.

With all your might enjoy the spring flowers,
But do not forget the time of our love and pride.
Know that if I live, I will come back again,
And if I die, we will go on thinking of each other.

Arthur Waley.

曹　丕

Ts'ao P'i

短歌行

仰瞻帷幕，俯察几筵。
其物如故，其人不存。
神灵倏忽，弃我遐迁。
靡瞻靡恃，泣涕连连。
呦呦游鹿，衔草鸣麑。
翩翩飞鸟，挟子巢栖。
我独孤茕，怀此百离。
忧心孔疚，莫我能知。
人亦有言，忧令人老。
嗟我白发，生一何早。
长吟永叹，怀我圣考。
曰仁者寿，胡不是保？

ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER

I look up, the curtains are there as of yore;
I look down, and there is the mat on the floor;

These things I behold, but the man is no more.

To the infinite azure his spirit has flown,
And I am left friendless, uncared-for, alone,
Of solace bereft, save to weep and to moan.

The deer on the hillside caressingly bleat,
And offer the grass for their young ones to eat,
While birds of the air to their nestlings bring meat.

But I a poor orphan must ever remain,
My heart, still so young, overburdened with pain
For him I shall never set eyes on again.

'Tis a well – worn old saying, which all men allow,
That grief stamps the deepest of lines on the brow:
Alas for my hair, it is silvery now!

Alas for nay father, cut off in his pride!
Alas that no more I may stand by his side!
Oh where were the gods when that great hero died?

Herbert A. Giles.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER

I look up and see/his curtains and bed:
I look down and examine/his table and mat.

The things are there/just as before.
But the man they belonged to/is not there.
His spirit suddenly/has taken flight
And left me behind/far away.
To whom shall I look/on whom rely?
My tears flow in an endless stream.
"Yu, yu"/cry the wandering deer
As they carry fodder/to their young in the wood.
Flap, flap/fly the birds
As they carry their little ones/back to the nest.
I alone/am desolate
Dreading the days/of our long parting:
My grieving heart's/settled pain
No one else/can understand.
There is a saying/among people
"Sorrow makes us/grow old."
Alas, alas/for my white hairs!
All too early/they have come!
Long wailing,/long sighing
My thoughts are fixed on my sage parent.
They say the good/live lung:
Then why was he/not spared?

Arthur Waley.

陶　潜

T'ao Ch'ien

归园田居

少无适俗韵，性本爱丘山。
误落尘网中，一去三十年。
羁鸟恋旧林，池鱼思故渊。
开荒南野际，守拙归园田。
方宅十余亩，草屋八九间。
榆柳荫后檐，桃李罗堂前。
暧暧远人村，依依墟里烟。
狗吠深巷中，鸡鸣桑树巅。
户庭无尘杂，虚室有余闲。
久在樊笼里，复得返自然。

ON RETURNING TO A COUNTRY LIFE

My youth was spent amidst the simple charms
Of country scenes—secure from worldly din,
And then, alas! I fell into the net
Of public life, and struggled long therein.

The captive bird laments its forest home;
The fish in tanks think of the sea's broad strands;
And I oft longed, amidst official cares,
To till a settler's plot in sunny lands.

And now I have my plot of fifteen 'mow',
With house thereon of rustic build and thatch;
The elm and willow cast a grateful shade,
While plum and peach trees fill the entrance patch.

Away from busy towns and dusty marts,
The dog barks in the silent country lane;
While chickens cluck among the mulberry-trees,
And life is healthy and the mind is sane.

Here in my house—with room for friend or two,
On my own farm—won from the barren plain,
Escaped from cares of office and routine,
I live a free and natural life again.

Charles Budd.

RETURNING TO THE FIELDS

Then I was young, I was out of tune with the herd:
My only love was for the hills and mountains.
Unwitting I fell into the web of the World's dust

And was not free for thirty years.
The migrant bird longs for the old wood:
The fish in the tank thinks of its native pool.
I had rescued from wildness a patch of the Southern
moor
And, still rustic, I returned to field and garden.
My ground covers no more than ten acres:
My thatched cottage has eight or nine rooms.
Elms and willows cluster by the eaves:
Peach trees and plum trees grow before the Hall.
Hazy nestle the distant hamlets of men.
Steady comes the smoke of the half-deserted village,
A dog barks somewhere in the deep lanes,
A cock crows at the top of the mulberry tree.
At gate and courtyard—no murmur of the dusty World:
In the empty rooms—leisure and deep stillness:
Long I lived checked by the bars of a cage:
Now I have turned again to Nature and Freedom.

Arthur Waley.

ONCE MORE FIELDS AND GARDENS

Even as a young man
I was out of tune with ordinary pleasures.
It was my nature to love the rooted hills,
The high hills which look upon the four edges of
Heaven.

What folly to spend one's life like a dropped leaf
Snared under the dust of streets,
But for thirteen years it was so I lived.

The caged bird longs for the fluttering of high leaves.
The fish in the garden pool languishes for the whirled
    water of meeting streams.
So I desired to clear and seed a patch of the wild
    Southern moor.
And always a countryman at heart,
I have come back to the square enclosures of my fields
And to my walled garden with its quiet paths.

Mine is a little property of ten mou or so,
A thatched house of eight or nine rooms.
On the North side, the eaves are overhung
With the thick leaves of elm-trees,
And willow-trees break the strong force of the wind.
On the South, in front of the great hall,
Peach-trees and plum-trees spread a net of
    branches
Before the distant view.

The village is hazy, hazy,
And mist sucks over the open moor.
A dog barks in the sunken lane which runs through the
    village.

A cock crows, perched on a clipped mulberry.

There is no dust or clatter
In the courtyard before my house.
My private rooms are quiet,
And calm with the leisure of moonlight through an
open door.

For a long time I lived in a cage;
Now I have returned.
Far one must return
To fulfil one's nature.

Amy Lowell.

RETURNING TO MY FARM

Young I was witless in the world's affairs,
My nature wilderness and hills prefers;
My mishap fallen into mundane snares,
Once I had left I wasted thirty years.
Birds in the cage long for their wonted woods,
Fish in the pool for former rivers yearn.
I clear the wilderness that stretches south,
Hiding my defects homeward I return.
Ten acres built with scattered houses square,
Beside the thatched huts eight or nine in all;
The elms and willows shade the hindmost eaves,

With peach and pear-trees spread before the hall.
A distant village gleams beneath the sun,
While smoke from nearby huts hangs in the breeze;
A dog is barking in the alley deep;
A cock crows from the clump of mulberry trees.
Within my courtyard all is clear of dust,
Where tranquil in my leisure I remain.
Long have I been imprisond in the cage;
Now back to Nature I return again.

Gladys M. Taylor & H.Y.Yang.

责　子

白发被两鬓，肌肤不复实。
虽有五男儿，总不好纸笔。
阿舒已二八，懒惰故无匹。
阿宣行志学，而不好文术。
雍端年十三，不识六与七。
通子垂九龄，但觅梨与栗。
天运苟如此，且进杯中物。

THE FIVE SONS

I am wrinkled and gray,
And old before my day:
For on five sons I look,
And not one loves a book.

Ah-shu is sixteen years,
The sight of work he fears;
He is the laziest lout
You'd find the world throughout.

Ah-suen has tried in vain
A little wit to gain;
He shirks the student's stool,
At grammar he's a fool!

Yong-twan is thirteen now,
And yet I do avow
He can't discriminate
The figures six and eight!

Ton-tze is only nine,
But clearly does opine
That life, with all its cares
Consists of nuts and pears.

Alas, that Fate so dour
On me her vials should pour!
What can I do but dine,
And drown my woes in wine!

Charles Budd.

BLAMING SONS

White hair covers my temples,
I am wrinkled…
And though I have got five sons,
They all hate paper and brush.
A-shu is eighteen:
For laziness there is none like him.
A-hsuan does his best,
But really loathes the Fine Arts.
Yung-tuan is thirteen,
But does not know "six" from "seven."
T'ung-tzu in his ninth year
Is only concerned with things to eat.
If Heaven treats me like this,
What can I do but fill my cup?

Arthur Waley.

MY SONS

My temples now are covered with white hair,
My flesh and muscles firm and taut no more;
Although among my children are five sons,
Paper and pen they every one abhor.
The eldest son, Ah Su, is now sixteen,
Whose laziness without a rival rests;

The second son, Ah Hsuan, almost fifteen,
Still books and learning heartily detests;
Both Yung and Tuan, although just turned thirteen.
To count to six or seven do not know;
Tung Tzu, my youngest son, now nearly nine,
Only to look for nuts and pears will go.
If such a destiny indeed be mine
Had I not better fill my cup with wine?

Gladys M. Taylor & H. Y. Yang

阙　名

Anonymous

西　洲　曲

忆梅下西洲，折梅寄江北。
单衫杏子红，双鬓鸦雏色。
西洲在何处，两桨桥头渡。
日暮伯劳飞，风吹乌桕树。
树下即门前，门中露翠钿。
开门郎不至，出门采红莲。
采莲南塘秋，莲花过人头。
低头弄莲子，莲子清如水。
置莲怀袖中，莲心彻底红。

忆郎郎不至，仰首望飞鸿。
鸿飞满西洲，望郎上青楼。
楼高望不见，尽日栏杆头。
栏杆十二曲，垂手明如玉。
卷帘天自高，海水摇空绿。
海水梦悠悠，君愁我亦愁。
南风知我意，吹梦到西洲。

A MAIDEN'S REVERIE

The plum-tree's flower awakens
    Thoughts of my lover now,
And I would pluck some blossoms
    And send to far Si-chow

But such a distant region
    The flowers might never reach,
While if I go in person,
    How great the joy to each!

I'll brush my glossy tresses,
    More dark than raven's plume;
I'll wear my plum silk mantle,
    And banish tears and gloom.

But where, alack, is Si-chow?
    Far in the North, I know;

Oh, when I've crossed tho river
I'll ask which way to go!

Ah me, the sun is setting,
Si-chow is far away;
The birds are homeward turning,
I cannot start to-day .

I'll keep an evening vigil
Beneath the cedar-tree
That stands outside the porch-way:
My love may come to me!

The jewels my hair adorning
Are glistening with the dew;
But still my lover tarries;—
What keeps him from my view?

A gentle breeze is blowing.
The night is bright as day;
I'll go and gather lilies,
And meet him on the way.

In the early Autumn season
The lotus lilies red
Are in the south pool growing,
And reach above my head.

My thoughts on old times musing,
　　I stoop to pluck some seeds,
In their shimmering greenness
　　As water 'mongst the reeds.

I put some in my bosom,
　　For the core is red as blood,
As the heart of a true lover,
　　When love is at the flood.

Pressed to my bosom closely—
　　No safer place, I wot,
For tokens of betrothal:
　　And yet my love comes not!

Above my head in batches
　　The wild geese northward hie,
And they will pass o'er Si-chow!
　　Oh, would that I could fly!

I'll mount the northern turret;
　　Perhaps from that lofty height
I'll see my lover coming,
　　The herald of the light.

Although the tower is lofty,
　　I cannot see afar

To where my love is dwelling,
　　Beneath the Northern Star.

From morn until the evening—
　　How long the hours do seem!—
I've paced around the turret,
　　As in a weary dream.

Once more I'll raise the curtain,
　　And show my lamp's pale light;
My love may miss the pathway,
　　And wander in the night.

How lofty are the heavens!
　　How vast the heaving sea!
Ah, life is sad and dreary
　　When love comes not to me!

But though my heart is weary,
　　I trust my lover's vow;
The south wind knows my longings
　　And will bear them to Si-chow.

And though the seas divide us
　　Our hearts are one for ay,
And in sweet dreams will mingle
　　Until the meeting day.

Charles Budd.

BALLAD OF THE WESTERN ISLAND IN THE NORTH COUNTRY

"Seeing the plum-tree I thought of the Western Island
And I plucked a branch to send to the North Country.
I put on my dress of apricot-yellow silk
And bound up my hair black as the crow's wing.
But which is the road that leads to the Western Island?
I'll ask the man at the ferry by the Bridge of Boats.
But the sun is sinking and the orioles flying home:
And the wind is blowing and sighing in the
    walnut-tree.
I'll stand under the tree just beside the gate:
I'll stand by the door and show off my enamelled
    hairpins."
She's opened the gate, but her lover has not come;
She's gone out at the gate to pluck red lotus.
As she plucks the lotus on the southern dyke in
    autumn,
The lotus flowers stand higher than a man's head.
She bends down—and plays with the lotus seeds,
The lotus seeds are green like the lake-water.
She gathers the flowers and puts them into her
    gown—
The lotus-bud that is red all through.
She thinks of her lover, her lover that does not come:

She looks up and sees the wild geese flying—
The Western Island is full of wild geese.
To look for her lover she climbs the Blue Tower.
The tower is high: she looks, but cannot see:
All day she leans on all balcony rails.
The rail is twisted into a twelve-fold pattern.
She lets fall her hand white like the color of jade,
She rolls up the awning, she sees the wide sky.
And the sea-water waving its vacant blue.
"The sea separates our dreams far, far away—
You are sorry and I am as well.
If the south wind only knew my thoughts.
It would blow my drealns till they got to the Western
　　Island."

Arthur Waley.

木　兰　诗

唧唧复唧唧，木兰当户织。
不闻机杼声，惟闻女叹息。
问女何所思，问女何所忆。
女亦无所思，女亦无所忆。
昨夜见军帖，可汗大点兵。
军书十二卷，卷卷有爷名。
阿爷无大儿，木兰无长兄，
愿为市鞍马，从此替爷征。
东市买骏马，西市买鞍鞯，

南市买辔头，北市买长鞭。
朝辞爷娘去，暮至黄河边，
不闻爷娘唤女声，但闻黄河流水鸣溅溅。
旦辞黄河去，暮至黑山头，
不闻爷娘唤女声，但闻燕山胡骑鸣啾啾。
万里赴戎机，关山渡若飞。
朔气传金柝，寒光照铁衣。
将军百战死，壮士十年归，
归来见天子，天子坐明堂。
策勋十二转，赏赐百千强。
可汗问所欲，木兰不用尚书郎。
愿借明驼千里足，送儿还故乡。
爷娘闻女来，出郭相扶将。
阿姊闻妹来，当户理红妆。
小弟闻姊来，磨刀霍霍向猪羊。
开我东阁门，坐我西阁床。
脱我战时袍，著我旧时裳。
当窗理云鬓，对镜贴花黄。
出门看伙伴，火伴皆惊惶。
同行十二年，不知木兰是女郎。
雄兔脚扑朔，雌兔眼迷离。
双兔傍地走，安能辨我是雄雌。

MUH-LAN

Muh-Lan's swift fingers flying to and fro
Crossed warp with woof in deft and even row,

As by the side of spinning-wheel and loom
She sat at work without the women's room.
But tho' her hand the shuttle swiftly plies
The whir cannot be heard for Muh-Lan's sighs;
When neighbours asked what ills such mood had
    wrought,
And why she worked in all-absorbing thought;
She answered not, for in her ears did ring
The summons of last evening from the King,
Calling to arms more warriors for the west,
The name of Muh-Lan's father heading all the rest,
But he was ill—no son to take his place,
Excuses meant suspicion and disgrace;
Her father's honour must not be in doubt;
Nor friend, nor foe, his stainless name shall flout;
She would herself his duty undertake
And fight the Northern foe for honour's sake.
Her purpose fixed, the plan was soon evolved,
But none should know it, this she was resolved;
Alone, unknown, she would the danger face,
Relying on the prowess of har race.
A charger here, a saddle there, she bought,
And next a bridle and a whip she sought;
With these equipped she donned the soldier's gear,
Arming herself with bow and glittering spear.
And then before the sun began his journey steep
She kissed her parents in their troubled sleep,

Caressing them with fingers soft and light,
She quietly passed from their unconscious sight;
And mounting horse she with her comrades rode
Into the night to meet what fate forbode;
And as her secret not a comrade knew,
Her fears soon vanished as the morning dew.
That day they galloped westward fast and far,
Nor paused until they saw the evening star;
Then by the Yellow River's rushing flood
They stopped to rest and cool their fevered blood.
The turbid stream swept on with swirl and foam
Dispelling Muh-Lan's dreams of friends and home;
Muh-Lan. Muh-Lan! she heard her mother cry—
The waters roared and thundered in reply!
Muh-Lan! Muh-Lan! she heard her father sigh—
The river surged in angry billows by!
The second night they reach the River Black,
And on the range which feeds it, bivouac;
Muh-Lan! Muh-Lan! she hears her father pray—
While on the ridge the Tartars' horses neigh:
Muh-Lan! Muh-Lan! her mother's lips let fall!
The Tartars' camp sends forth a bugle call!
The morning dawns on men in armed array
Aware that death may meet them on that day;
The winter sun sends forth a pallid light
Through frosty air on knights in armour bright;
While bows strung tight, and spears in glittering rows,

Forebode the struggle of contending foes.
And soon the trumpets blare—the fight's begun;
A deadly Melee—and the Pass is won!
The war went on, and many a battle-field
Revealed Muh-Lan both bow and spear could wield;
Her skill and courage won her widespread fame,
And comrades praised, and leaders of great name.
Then after several years of march and strife,
Muh-Lan and others, who had 'scaped with life
From fields of victory drenched with patriots' blood,
Returned again to see the land they loved.
And when at last the Capital was reached,
The warriors, who so many forts had breached,
Were summoned to the presence of the King,
And courtiers many did their praises sing;
Money and presents on them, too, were showered,
And some with rank and office were empowered;
While Muh-Lan, singled out from all the rest,
Was offered fief and guerdon of the best.
But gifts and honours she would gladly lose
If she might only be allowed to choose
Some courier camels, strong and fleet of pace,
To bear her swiftly to her native place.

. . . .

And now, at last, the journey nears the end,
And father's, mother's voices quickly blend,
In—'Muh-Lan, Muh-Lan! welcome, welcome, dear!'

And this time there was naught but joy to fear.
Her younger sisters decked the house with flowers,
And loving words fell sweet as summer showers;
Her little brother shouted Muh-Lan's praise,
For many proud and happy boastful days!
The greetings o'er, she slipped into her room—
Radiant with country flowers in fragrant bloom—
And changed her soldier's garb for woman's dress;
Her head adorned with simple maiden's tress—
A single flower enriched her lustrous hair—
And forth she came, fresh, maidenly, and fair!
Some comrades in the war had now come in,
Who durst not mingle in the happy din;
But there in awe and admiration stood,
As brave men do before true womanhood;
For not the boldest there had ever dreamed,
On toilsome march, or when swords flashed and
gleamed
In marshalled battle, or on sudden raid,
That their brave comrade was a beauteous maid.

Charles Budd.

MULAN, THE MAIDEN CHIEF

Say maiden at your spinning wheel,
Why heave that deep-drawn sigh?
Is't fear perchance or love you feel,

Pray tell—oh tell me why?
Nor fear nor love has moved my soul—
Away such idle thought!
A warrior's glory is the goal
By my ambition sought.

My Father's cherished life to save,
My country to redeem,
The dangers of the field I'll brave,—
I'am not what I seem.

No son has he his troop to lead,
No brother dear have I,
So I must mount my Father's steed,
And to the battle hie.

At dawn of day she quits her door,
At evening rests her head
Where loud the mountain torrents roar,
And mail-clad soldiers tread.

The northern plains are gained at last,
The mountains sink from view.
The sun shines cold, and the wintry blast,
It pierces through and through.

A thousand foes around her fall,

And red blood stains the ground,
But Mulan who survives it all,
Returns with glory crowned.

Before the throne they bend the knee,
In the palace of Chang-an,
Full many a knight of high degree,
But the bravest is Mulan.

"Nay Prince," She cries, "my duty's done,
No guerdon I desire.
But let me to my home begone,
To cheer my aged sire,"

She nears the door of her father's home,
A chief with trumpet's blare,
But when she doffs her waving plume,
She stands a maiden fair.

W. A. P. Martin.

THE BALLAD OF MULAN

Click, click, forever click, click;
Mulan sits at the door and weaves,
Listen, and you will not hear the shuttle's sound,
But only hear a girl's sobs and sighs.
"Oh tell me, lady, are you thinking of your love,

Oh tell me, lady, are you longing for your dear?"
"Oh no, oh no, I am not thinking of my love,
Oh no, oh no, I am not longing for my dear."
But last night I read the battle-roll;
The Khan has ordered a great levy of men.
The battle-roll was written in twelve books,
And in each book stood my father's name.
My father's sons are not grown men,
And of all my brothers, none is older than me.
Oh let me to the market to buy saddle and horse,
And ride with the soldiers to take my father's place."
In the eastern market she's bought a gallant horse,
In the western market she's bought saddle and cloth,
In the southern market she's bought snaffle and reins,
In the northern market she's bought a tall whip.
In the morning she stole from her father's and mother's
house;
At night she was camping by the Yellow River's side.
She could not hear her father and mother calling to her
by her name,
But only the song of the Yellow River as its hurrying
waters hissed and swirled through the night.
At dawn they left the River and went on their way;
At dusk they came to the Black Water's side.
She could not hear her father and mother calling to her
by her name,
She could only hear the muffled voices of Scythian

horsemen riding on the hills of Yen.
A thousand leagues she tramped on the errands of
war,
Frontiers and hills she crossed like a bird in flight
Through the northern air echoed the watchman's tap;
The wintry light gleamed on coats of mail.
The captain had fought a hundred fights, and died;
The warriors in ten years had won their rest.
They went home; they saw the Emperor's face;
The Son of Heaven was seated in the Hall of Light.
To the strong in battle lordships and lands he gave;
And of prize money a hundred thousand strings.
Then spoke the Khan and asked her what she would
take.
"Oh Mulan asks not to be made
A Counsellor at the Khan's court;
She only begs for a camel that can march
A thousand leagues a day,
To take her back to her home."

When her father and mother heard that she had come,
They went out to the wall and led her back to the
house.
When her little sister heard that she had come,
She went to the door and rouged her face afresh.
When her little brother heard that his sister had come,
He sharpened his knife and darted like a flash

Towards the pigs and sheep.

She opend the gate that leads to the eastern tower.
She sat on her bed that stood in the western tower.
She cast aside her heavy soldier's cloak,
And wore again her old-time dress.
She stood at the window and bound her cloudy hair;
She went to the mirror and fastened her yellow combs.
She left the house and met her messmates in the road;
Her messmates were startled out of their wits.
They had marched with her for twelve years of war
And never known that Mulan was a girl.
For the male hare has a lilting, lolloping gait,
And the female hare has a wild and roving eye;
But set them both scampering side by side,
And who so wise could tell you "This is he"?

Arthur Waley.

Part Ⅲ Li and Tu

第三章 李白与杜甫

李 白

Li Po

春日醉起言志

处世若大梦，胡为劳其生。
所以终日醉，颓然卧前楹。
觉来盼庭前，一鸟花间鸣。
借问此何时？春风语流莺。
感之欲叹息，对酒还自倾。
浩歌待明月，曲尽已忘情。

"THE BEST OF LIFE IS BUT…"

What is life after all but a dream,

And why should such bother be made?
Better far to be tipsy, I deem,
And doze all day long in the shade.
When I wake and look out on the lawn,
I hear midst the flowers a bird sing;
I ask, "Is it evening or dawn?"
The mango-bird whistles, "'Tis spring,"
Over powered with the beautiful sight,
Another full goblet I pour,
And would sing till the moon rises bright—
But soon I'm as drunk as before.

Herbert A. Giles.

WAKING FROM DRUNKENNESS ON A SPRING DAY

"Life in the World is but a big dream;
I will not spoil it hy any laboar or care."
So saying, I was drunk all the day,
Lying helpless at the porch in front of my door.
When I woke up, I blinked at the garden-lawn;
A lonely bird was singing amid the flowers.
I asked myself, had the day been wet or fine?
The Spring wind was telling the mango-bird.
Moved by its song I soon began to sigh,
And as wine was there I filled my own cup.
Wildly singing I waited for the moon to rise;

When my song was over, all my senses had gone.

Arthur Waley.

AWAKENING FROM SLEEP ON A SPRING DAY

Life is an immense dream. Why toil?
All day long I drowse with wine,
And lie by the post at the front door.
Awakening, I gaze upon the garden trees,
And, hark, a bird is singing among tho flowers.
Pray, what season may this be?
Ah, the songster's a mango-bird.
Singing to the passing wind of spring.
I muse and muse myself to sadness,
Once more I pour my wine, and singing aloud,
Await the bright moonrise.
My song is ended—
What troubled my soul?—I remember not.

S. Obata.

A STATEMENT OF RESOLUTIONS AFTER BEING DRUNK ON A SPRING DAY

This time of ours
Is like a great, confused dream.

Why should one spend one's life in toil?
Thinking this, I have been drunk all day.
I fell down and lay prone by the pillars in front of the
house;
When I woke up, I gazed for a long time
At the courtyard before me.
A bird sings among the flowers.
May I ask what season this is?
Spring wind,
The bright oriole of the water-flowing flight calls.
My feelings make me want to sigh.
The wine is still here, I will throw back my head and
drink.
I sing splendidly,
I wait for the bright moon.
Already, by the end of the song, I have forgotten my
feelings.

Amy Lowell.

月下独酌

花间一壶酒，独酌无相亲。
举杯邀明月，对影成三人。
月既不解饮，影徒随我身。
暂伴月将影，行乐须及春。
我歌月徘徊，我舞影零乱。
醒时同交欢，醉后各分散。

永结无情游，相期邈云汉。

WE THREE

One pot of wine amid the Flowers
    Alone I pour, and none with me.
The cup I lift; the Moon invite;
    Who with my shadow makes us three.
The moon then drinks without a pause.
    The shadow does what I begin.
The shadow, Moon and I in fere
    Rejoice until the spring come in.
I sing: and wavers time the moon.
    I dance: the shadow antics too.
Our joys we share while sober still.
    When drunk, we part and bid adieu.
Of loveless outing this the pact,
    Which we all swear to keep for aye.
The next time that we meet shall be
    Beside yon distant milky way.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

LAST WORDS

An arbor of flowers
        and a kettle of wine:
Alas! in the bowers

no companion is mine.
Then the moon sheds her rays
on my goblet and me,
And my shadow betrays
we're a party of three!
Thou' the moon cannot swallow
her share of the grog,
And my shadow must follow
wherever I jog,
Yet their friendship I'll borrow
and gaily carouse,
And laugh away sorrow
while spring-time allows.
See the moon—how she glances
response to my song;
See my shadow—it dances
so lightly along!
While sober I feel,
you are both my good friends;
While drunken I reel,
our companionship ends,
But we'll soon have a greeting
without a goodbye,
At our next merry meeting
away in the sky.

Herbert A. Giles.

ON DRINKING ALONE BY MOONLIGHT

Here are flowers and here is wine,
But where's a friend with me to join,
Hand to hand and heart to heart,
In one full cup before we part?

Rather than to drink alone,
I'll make bold to ask the moon
To condescend to lend her face,
The hour and the scene to grace.

Lo! she answers, and she brings
My shadow on her silver wings;
That makes three, and we shall be,
I ween, a merry company.

The modest Moon declines the cup,
But shadow promptly takes it up;
And when I dance, my shadow fleet,
Keeps measure with my flying feet.

Yet though the moon declines to tipple,
She dances in yon shining ripple;
And when I sing my festive song
The echoes of the Moon prolong.

Say, when shall we next meet together?
Surely not in cloudy weather;
For you, my boon companions dear,
Come only when the sky is clear.

W.A.P.Martin.

DRINKING ALONE BY MOONLIGHT

A cup of wine, under the flowering trees;
I drink alone, for no friend is near.
Raising my cup I beckon the bright moon,
For he, with my shadow, will make three men.
The moon, alas, is no drinker of wine;
Listless, my shadow creeps about at my side.
Yet with the moon as friend and the shadow as slave
I must make merry before the Spring is spent.
To the songs I sing the moon flickers her beams;
In the dance I weave my shadow tangles and breaks.
While we were sober, three shared the fun;
Now we are drunk, each goes his way.
May we long share our odd, inanimate feast,
And meet at last on the Cloudy River of the sky.

Arthur Waley.

DRINKING ALONE WITH THE MOON

From a pot of wine among the flowers

I drank alone. There was no one with me—
Till, raising my cup, I asked the bright moon
To bring me my shadow and make us three.
Alas, the moon was unable to drink
And my shadow tagged me vacantly;
But still for a while I had these friends
To cheer me through the end of spring...
I sang. The moon encouraged me.
I danced. My shadow tumbled after.
As long as I knew, we were boon companions.
And then I was drunk, and we lost one another.
...Shall goodwill ever be secure?
I watch the long road of the River of Stars.

Witter Bynner.

DRINKING ALONE IN THE MOONLIGHT

A pot of wine among flowers.
I alone, drinking, without a companion.
I lift the cup and invite the bright moon.
My shadow opposite certainly makes us three.
But the moon cannot drink,
And my shadow follows the motions of my body in vain.
For the briefest time are the moon and my shadow my companions.

Oh, be joyful! One must make the most of Spring.
I sing—the moon walks forward rhythmically;
I dance, and my shadow shatters and becomes
confused.
In my waking moments, we are happily blended.
When I am drunk, we are divided from one another
and scattered.
For a long time I shall be obliged to wander without
intention;
But we will keep our appointment by the far-off
Cloudy River.

Amy Lowell.

THREE WITH THE MOON AND HIS SHADOW

With a jar of wine I sit by the flowering trees.
I drink alone, and where are my friends?
Ah, the moon above looks down on me;
I call and lift my cup to his brightness.
And see, there goes my shadow before me.
Hoo! We're a party of three, I say,—
Though the poor moon can't drink,
And my shadow but dances around me,
We're all friends to-night,
The drinker, the moon and the shadow.
Let our revelry be met for the spring time!

I sing, the wild moon wanders the sky.
I dance, my shadow goes tumbling about.
While we're awake, let us join in carousal;
Only sweet drundenness shall ever part us.
Let us pledge a friendship no mortals know,
And often hail each other at evening
Far across the vast and vaporous space!

S. Obata.

访戴天山道士不遇

犬吠水声中，桃花带露浓。
树深时见鹿，溪午不闻钟。
野竹分青霭，飞泉挂碧峰。
无人知所去，愁倚两三松。

THE PRIEST OF T'IEN MOUNTAIN

I hear the distant baying of the hound
Amid the waters murmuring around;
I see the peach-flowers bearing crystal rain,
The sportive deer around the forest fane.

The waving tops of bamboo groves aspire
In fleeting change the summer clouds to tire,
While from the emerald peaks of many hills
The sparkling cascades fall in fairy rills.

Beneath the pines within this shady dell,
I list in vain to hear the noontide bell;
The temple's empty, and the priest has gone,
And I am left to mourn my grief alone.

Charles Budd.

A FRUITLESS VISIT TO THE PRIEST OF THE TAI TIEN HILLS

I hear the barking of the dogs amidst the water's
sound.
The recent rain has washed each stain from all the
peach bloom round.
At times amid the thickest copse a timid deer is seen.
And to the breeze in sparkling seas the bamboos roll in
green.
From yonder verdant peak depends the sheeted
waterfall.
At noon's full prime I hear no chime of bells from
arboured hall.
Whither the wandering priest has gone is no one here
can tell
Against a pine I sad recline, and let my heart o'er swell.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

VISITING THE TAOIST PRIEST ON THE MOUNTAIN WHICH UPHOLDS HEAVEN. HE IS ABSENT

A Dog,
A dog barking.
And the sound of rushing water.
How dark and rich the peach-flowers after the rain.
Every now and then, between the trees, I see deer.
Twelve o'clock, but I hear no bell in the ravine.
Wild bamboos slit the blue-green of a cloudy sky.
The waterfall hangs against the jade-green peak.
There is no one to tell me where he has gone.
I lean against the pine-trees grieving.

Amy Lowell.

ON GOING TO VISIT A TAOIST RECLUSE ON MOUNT TAI-TIEN, BUT FALLING TO MEET HIM

A dog barks afar where the waters croon.
The peach flowers are deeper-tinted, wet with rain.
The wood is so thick that one espies a deer at times,
But cannot hear the noon bell in this lonely glen.
The wild bamboos sway in the blue mist,
And on the green mountainside flying cascades glisten.

What way has he gone? There is none to tell;
Sadly I lean against a pine tree here and there.

S. Obata.

送友人

青山横北郭，白水绕东城。
此地一为别，孤蓬万里征。
浮云游子意，落日故人情。
挥手自兹去，萧萧斑马鸣。

FAREWELL

Where blue hills cross the northern sky,
Beyond the moat which girds the town,
'Twas there we stopped to say Goodbye!
And one white sail alone dropped down.
Your heart was full of wandering thought;
For me,—my sun had set indeed;
To wave a last adieu we sought,
Voiced for us by each whinnying steed!

Herbert A. Giles.

TAKING LEAVE OF A FRIEND

Blue mountains to the north of the walls,
White river winding about them;

Here we must make separation
And go out through a thousand miles of dead grass.
Mind like a floating wide cloud.
Sunset like the parting of old acquaintances
Who bow over their clasped hands at a distance.
Our horses neigh to each other as we are departing.

Ezra Pound.

ADIEU

Athwart the northern gate the green hills swell,
White water round the eastern city flows.
When once we here have bade a long farewell,
Your lone sail struggling up the current goes.

Those floating clouds are like the wanderer's heart,
Yon sinking sun recalls departed days.
Your hand waves us adieu; and lo! you start,
And dismally your horse retiring neighs.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

SAYING GOOD-BYE TO A FRIEND

Clear green hills at a right angle to the North wall,
White water winding to the East of the city.
Here is the place where we must part.
The lonely water-plants go ten thousand *li*;

The floating clouds wander everywhither as does man.
Day is departing—it and my friend.
Our hands separate. Now he is going.
"Hsiao, hsiao," the horse neighs.
He neighs again, "Hsiao, hsiao."

Amy Lowell.

TAKING LEAVE OF A FRIEND

Blue mountains lie beyond the north wall;
Round the city's eastern side flows the white water.
Here we part, friend, once forever.
You go ten thousand miles, drifting away
Like an unrooted water-grass.
Oh, the floating clouds and the thoughts of a wanderer!
Oh, the sunset and the longing of an old friend!
We ride away from each other, waving our hands,
While our horses neigh softly, softly…

S. Obata.

A FAREWELL TO A FRIEND

With a blue line of mountains north of the wall,
And east of the city a white curve of water,
Here you must leave me and drift away
Like a loosened water-plant hundreds of miles…
I shall think of you in a floating cloud;

So in the sunset think of me.

. . . We wave our hands to say good-bye,

And my horse is neighing again and again.

Witter Bynner.

怨 情

美人卷珠帘，深坐颦蛾眉。
但见泪痕湿，不知心恨谁。

TEARS

A fair girl draws the blind aside.

And sadly sits with drooping head;

I see her burning tear-drops glide

But know not why those tears are shed.

Herbert A. Giles.

GRIEF

My lady has rolled up the curtains of pearl,

And sits with a frown on her eyebrows apart.

Wet traces of tears can be seen as they curl.

But who knows for whom is the grief in her heart?

W. J. B. Fletcher.

PASSIONATE GRIEF

Beautiful is this woman who rolls up the pearl-reed blind.
She sits in an inner chamber,
And her eyebrows, delicate as a moth's antennae,
Are drawn with grief.
One sees only the wet lines of tears.
For whom does she suffer this misery?
We do not know.

Amy Lowell.

THE NIGHT OF SORROW

A lovely woman rolls up
The delicate bamboo blind.
She sits deep within,
Twitching her moth eyebrows.
Who may it be
That grieves her heart?
On her face one sees
Only the wet traces of tears.

S. Obata.

A BITTER LOVE

How beautiful she looks, opening the pearly casement,

And how quiet she leans, and how troubled her brow is!
You may see the tears now, bright on her cheek,
But not the man she so bitterly loves.

Witter Bynner.

静 夜 思

床前明月光，疑是地上霜。
举头望明月，低头思故乡。

NIGHT THOUGHTS

I wake, and moonbeams play around my bed,
Glittering like hoar-frost to my wandering eyes;
Up towards the glorious moon I raise my head,
Then lay me down—and thoughts of home arise.

Herbert A. Giles.

THE MOON SHINES EVERYWHERE

Seeing the Moon before my couch so bright
I thought hoar frost had fallen from the night.
On her clear face I gaze with lifted eyes:
Then hide them full of Youth's sweet memories.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

THOUGHTS IN A TRANQUIL NIGHT

Athwart the bed
I watch the moonbeams cast a trail
So bright, so cold, so frail,
That for a space it gleams
Like hoar-frost on the margin of my dreams.
I raise my head,—
The splendid moon I see:
Then droop my head,
And sink to dreams of thee—
My fatherland, of thee!

L. Cranmer-Byng.

NIGHT THOUGHTS

In front of my bed the moonlight is very bright.
I wonder if that can be frost on the floor?
I lift up my head and look at the full moon, the
dazzling moon.
I drop my head, and think of the home of old days.

Amy Lowell.

ON A QUIET NIGHT

I saw the moonlight before my couch,

And wondered if it were not the frost on the ground.
I raised my head and looked out on the mountain
moon,
I bowed my head and thought of my far-off home.

S. Obata.

IN THE QUIET NIGHT

So bright a gleam on the foot of my bed—
Could there have been a frost already?
Lifting myself to look, I found that it was moonlight.
Sinking back again, I thought suddenly of home.

Witter Bynner.

金陵酒肆留别

风吹柳花满店香，吴姬压酒劝客尝，
金陵子弟来相送，欲行不行各尽觞。
请君试问东流水，别意与之谁短长?

FAREWELL BY THE RIVER

The breeze blows the willow-scent in from the dell,
While Phyllis with bumpers would fain cheer us
up:
Dear friends press around me to bid me farewell:
Goodbye! and goodbye!—and yet just one more

cup…

I whisper, Thou'lt see this great stream flow away
Ere I cease to love as I love thee to-day!

Herbert A. Giles.

OUR PARTING AT KINLING INN

With incense from the willow flowers the zephyr fills the inn.
A rustic beauty baits the wine and tempts the guests to taste.
All Kinling friends come hither to speed each other haste;
Those leaving and those staying all make the goblets spin.
Now prithee ask the River that ever eastward flows,
If any parting constant as his he ever knows?

W. J. B. Fletcher.

DETAINED IN A NANKING WINE-SHOP ON THE EVE OF STARTING ON A JOURNEY

The wind blows. The inn is filled with the scent of willow-flowers.
In the wine – shops of Wu, women are pressing the wine. The sight invites customers to taste.
The young men and boys of Nanking have gathered to see me off;

I wish to start, but I do not, and we drink many,
many horn cups to the bottom.
I beg them to look at the water flowing toward the East,
And when we separate to let their thoughts follow its
example and run constantly in my direction.

Amy Lowell.

PARTING AT A TAVERN OF GHIN-LING

The wind blows the willow bloom and fills the whole
tavern with fragrance
While the pretty girls of Wu bid us taste the new wine.
My good comrades of Chin-ling, hither you have
come to see me off.
I, going, still tarry; and we drain our cups evermore.
Pray ask the river, which is the longer of the two—
Its east-flowing stream, or the thoughts of ours at
parting?

S. Obata.

PARTING AT A WINE-SHOP IN NAN-KING

A wind, bringing willow-cotton, sweetens the shop,
And a girl from Wu, pouring wine, urges me to share it
With my comrades of the city who are here to see me off:
And as each of them drains his cup, I say to him in
parting,

Oh, go and ask this river running to the east
If it can travel farther than a friend's love!

Witter Bynner.

长 相 思

一

长相思，在长安。
络纬秋啼金井阑，微霜凄凄簟色寒。
孤灯不明思欲绝，卷帷望月空长叹。
美人如花隔云端。
上有青冥之高天，下有渌水之波澜。
天长路远魂飞苦，梦魂不到关山难。
长相思，摧心肝。

二

日色欲尽花含烟，月明如素愁不眠。
赵瑟初停凤凰柱，蜀琴欲奏鸳鸯弦。
此曲有意无人传，愿随春风寄燕然。
忆君迢迢隔青天。
昔时横波目，今作流泪泉。
不信妾肠断，归来看取明镜前。

MUTUAL LONGING

I The Man

Long dream we of each other.
At Chang-an far away
Wails sadly autumn's cricket
For Venus' waning ray.
The first frost falls, and chilliness
Invades the bed's delight.
But dully burns my lonely lamp.
Thought dies away in night.
The blind I roll; and gaze upon
Yon lonely Moon; and sigh
For those fair flower-like beauties
That veiling clouds deny.
Above the azure ocean deeps
Stretch endless o'er the sky:
Below roll limpid billows.
Hard for the soul to fly
O'er skies so long and earth so wide!
So high the passes, deep the tide,
Thy vision comes not to my side.
Yet mutual longings us enwrap,
Until my very heart-strings snap.

II The Woman

The colours of the day depart.
　　O'er flowers the mist-veils creep.
The moonshine turns to ashy grey;
　　And sad I cannot sleep.
The psaltery's notes have sunk to rest
　　Upon their bridge of fire.
The harpsichord begins to chime
　　With chords of sweet desire.
The song, though full of meaning,
　　Yet dies away unknown.
Would vernal breezes blew it
　　O'er Hua-jan's carven stone!
I pine for you, so far away,
　　Beyond the sky so blue.
The eyes once liquid waves exchanged
　　To-day stream tears for you.
That my poor heart is broken,
　　If you require a token,
Return! Before your mirror bright
　　I'll lay it open to your sight!

W. J. B. Fletcher.

ETERNALLY THINKING OF EACH OTHER

The Woman speaks

The colour of the day is over; flowers hold the mist in
their lips.
The bright moon is like glistening silk. I cannot sleep
for grief.
The tones of the Chao psaltery begin and end on the
bridge of the silver-crested love-pheasant.
I wish I could play my Shu table—lute on the mandarin
duck strings.
The meaning of this music—there is no one to receive it.
I desire my thoughts to follow the Spring wind, even to
the Swallow Mountains.
I think of my Lord far, far away, remote as the Green
Heaven.
In old days, my eyes were like horizontal waves;
Now they flow, a spring of tears.
If you do not believe that the bowels of your Unworthy
One are torn and severed.
Return and take up the bright mirror I was wont to
use.

The Man Speaks

We think of each other eternally.

My thoughts are at Ch'ang An.
The Autumn cricket chirps beside the railing of the
    Golden Well;
The light frost is chilly, chilly; the colour of the
    bamboo sleeping mat is cold.
The neglected lamp does not burn brightly. My thoughts
    seem broken off.
I roll up the long curtain and look at the moon—it is
    useless, I sigh continually.
The Beautiful, Flower-like One is as far from me as
    the distance of the clouds.
Above is the brilliant darkness of a high sky,
Below is the rippling surface of the clear water.
Heaven is far and the road to it is long; it is difficult
    for a man's soul to compass it in flight.
Even in a dream my spirit cannot cross the grievous
    barrier of hills.
We think of each other eternally.
My heart and my liver are snapped in two.

Amy Lowell.

ENDLESS YEARNING

I

"I am endlessly yearning
To be in Ch'ang-an.

…Insects hum of autumn by the gold brim of the
well;
A thin frost glistens like little mirrors on my cold mat;
The high lantern flickers; and deeper grows my longing.
I lift the shade and, with many a sigh, gaze upon the
moon,
Single as a flower, centred from the clouds.
Above, I see the blueness and deepness of sky.
Below, I see the greenness and the restlessness of
water...
Heaven is high, earth wide; bitter between them flies
my sorrow.
Can I dream through the gateway, over the mountain?
Endless longing
Breaks my heart."

II

"The sun has set, and a mist is in the flowers;
And the moon grows very white and people sad and
sleepless.
A Chao harp has just been laid mute on its phoenix-
holder,
And a Shu lute begins to sound its mandarin-duck
strings…
Since nobody can bear to you the burden of my song,
Would that it might follow the spring wind to Yen-jan
Mountain.

I think of you far away, beyond the blue sky,
And my eyes that once were sparkling
Are now a well of tears,
…Oh, if ever you should doubt this aching of my heart,
Here in my bright mirror come back and look at me!"

Witter Bynner.

长 干 行

妾发初复额，折花门前剧。
郎骑竹马来，绕床弄青梅。
同居长干里，两小无嫌猜。
十四为君妇，羞颜未尝开。
低头向暗壁，千唤不一回。
十五始展眉，愿同尘与灰。
常存抱柱信，岂上望夫台。
十六君远行，瞿塘滟滪堆。
五月不可触，猿声天上哀。
门前迟行迹，一一生绿苔。
苔深不能扫，落叶秋风早。
八月蝴蝶黄，双飞西园草。
感此伤妾心，坐愁红颜老。
早晚下三巴，预将书报家。
相迎不道远，直至长风沙。

A SOLDIER'S WIFE TO HER HUSBAND

'Twas many a year ago,

How I recall the day!
When you, my own true love,
Came first with me to play.

You rode a bamboo horse,
And deemed yourself a knight,
With paper helm and shield
And wooden sword bedight.

Thus we together grew,
And we together played—
Yourself a giddy boy,
And I a thoughtless maid.

At fourteen I was wed;
And if one called my name,
As quick as lightning flash,
The crimson blushes came.

'Twas not till we had passed
A year of married life
My heart was knit to yours
In joy to be your wife.

Another year, alas!
And you had joined your chief;
While I was left at home,

In solitary grief.

When victory crowns your arms,
And I your triumph learn,
What bliss for me to fly
To welcome your return.

W. A. P. Martin.

THAT PARTING AT CH'ANG-KAN

When first o'er maiden brows my hair I tied,
In sport I plucked the blooms before the door.
You riding came on hobby-horse astride,
And wreathed my bed with green-gage branches o'er.
At Ch'ang-kan Village long together dwelt
We children twain, and knew no petty strife.
At fourteen years, lo! I became thy wife.
Yet ah! the modest shyness that I felt!
My shamefaced head I in a corner hung;
Nor to long calling answered word of mine.
At fifteen years my heart's gate open sprung,
And I was glad to mix my dust with thine.
My troth to thee till death I keep for aye:
My eyes still gaze adoring on my lord.
When I was but sixteen you went away.
In Chü-t'ang Gorge how Yen-yü's billows roared!

For five long months with you I cannot meet.
The gibbon's wail re-echoes to the sky!
Before the door, where stood your parting feet,
The prints with verdant moss are covered high.
Deep is that moss! it will not brush away.
In early autumn's gale the leaflets fall.
September now!—the butterflies so gay
Disport on grasses by our garden wall.
The sight my heart disturbs with longing woe.
I sit and wail, my red cheeks growing old,
Early and late I to the gorges go,
Waiting for news that of thy coming told.
How short will seem the way, if we but meet!
Across the sand the wind flies straight to greet.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

THE RIVER-MERCHANT'S WIFE

While my hair was still cut straight across my forehead
I played about the front gate, pulling flowers.
You came by on bamboo stilts, playing horse,
You walked about my seat, playing with blue plums.
And we went on living in the village of Chokan:
Two small people, without dislike or suspicion.

At fourteen I married My Lord you.
I never laughed, being bashful.

Lowering my head, I looked at the wall.
Called to, a thousand times, I never looked back.
At fifteen I stopped scowling,
I desired my dust to be mingled with yours.
Why should I climb the look-out?

At sixteen you departed,
Forever and forever, and forever.
You went into far Ku-to-Yen, by the river of
swirling eddies,
And you have been gone five months.
The monkeys make sorrowful noise overhead.
You dragged your feet when you went out.
By the gate now, the moss is grown, the different
mosses,
Too deep to clear them away!
The leaves fall early this autumn, in wind.
The paired butterflies are already yellow with August
Over the grass in the West Garden,
They hurt me.
I grow older,
If you are coming down through the narrows of the
river Kiang,
Please let me know beforehand,
And I will come out to meet you,
As far as Cho-fu-Sa.

Ezra Pound.

IDYLL OF CH'ANG-KAN

When the curls first began to o'ershadow my brow
I was plucking the flowers by the gate,
When lo! there rode up a venturous knight,
On a bamboo charger he sate;
Together we played, village boy and maid,
Nor suspected the schemings of fate.
But at twice seven years I was wedded to him,
And then shame clouded the joy;
Toward the dark wall my head I declined,
When he called I was dumb to the boy.
When a year had slid by my countenance cleared,
And our hearts became one out of twain;
We swore to be true with a "beam-clasping" faith,
And the thought of his absence was pain.
Another year sped, and alas! my dear lord
Went afar on a river of fear;
In the fifth moon the rapids are perilous still;
Heaven pity the voyager dear!
Where we bade each the other farewell at the gate
The footprints are green with moss now,
Deep moss that clings fast to the unswept steps.
How early the wind strips the bough!
In the eighth moon the butterflies pale their bright hues,
But in pairs they flit through the west glade,

With a pang I remember it, sitting alone,

Old in heart though my cheek does not fade.

But surely, returning, he's made the Big Bend,

And the glad news my ears will soon greet.

If to welcome him home I went seventy leagues

I should count the road short, the toil sweet.

C. Gaunt.

GH'ANG KAN

When the hair of your Unworthy One first began to cover her forehead,

She picked flowers and played in front of the door.

Then you, my Lover, came riding a bamboo horse.

We ran round and round the bed, and tossed about the sweetmeats of green plums.

We both lived in the village of Chang Kan.

We were both very young, and knew neither jealousy nor suspicion.

At fourteen, I became the wife of my Lord.

I could not yet lay aside my face of shame;

I hung my head, facing the dark wall;

You might call me a thousand times, not once would I turn round.

At fifteen, I stopped frowning.

I wanted to be with you, as dust with its ashes.

I often thought that you were the faithful man who

clung to the bridgepost,

That I should never be obliged to ascend to the Looking-for-Husband Ledge.

When I was sixteen, my Lord went far away,

To the Cu'ü T'ang Chasm and the Whirling Water Rock of the Yü River.

Which, during the Fifth Month, must not be collided with;

Where the wailing of the gibbons seems to come from the sky.

Your departing footprints are still before the door where I bade you good-bye,

In each has sprung up green moss.

The moss is thick, it cannot be swept away.

The leaves are falling, it is early for the Autumn wind to blow.

It is the Eighth Month, the butterflies are yellow,

Two are flying among the plants in the west garden;

Seeing them, my heart is bitter with grief, they wound the heart of the Unworthy One.

The bloom of my face has faded, sitting with my sorrow.

From early morning until late in the evening, you descent the Three Serpent River.

Prepare me first with a letter, bringing me the news of when you will reach home.

I will not go far on the road to meet you,

I will go straight until I reach the Long Wind Sands.

Amy Lowell.

A LETTER FROM CHANG-KAN

(A river-merchant's wife writes)

I would play, plucking flowers by the gate;
My hair scarcely covered my forehead, then.
You would come, riding on your bamboo horse,
And loiter about the bench with green plums for toys.
So we both dwelt in Chang-kan town,
We were two children, suspecting nothing.

At fourteen I became your wife,
And so bashful that I could never bare my face,
But hung my head, and turned to the dark wall;
You would call me a thousand times,
But I could not look back even once.

At fifteen I was able to compose my eyebrows,
And beg you to love me till we were dust and ashes.
You always kept the faith of Wei-sheng,
Who waited under the bridge, unafraid of death,
I never knew I was to climb the Hill of Wang-fu
And watch for you these many days.

I was sixteen when you went on a long journey

Traveling beyond the Keu-Tang Gorge,
Where the giant rocks heap up the swift river,
And the rapids are not passable in May.
Did you hear the monkeys wailing
Up on the skyey height of the crags?
Do you know your foot-marks by our gate are old,
And each and every one is filled up with green moss?

The mosses are too deep for me to sweep away;
And already in the autumn wind the leaves are falling.
The yellow butterflies of October
Flutter in pairs over the grass of the west garden.
My heart aches at seeing them…
I sit sorrowing alone, and alas!
The vermilion of my face is fading.

Some day when you return down the river,
If you will write me a letter beforehand,
I will come to meet you—the way is not long—
I will come as far as the Long Wind Beach instantly.

S. Obata.

A SONG OF CH'ANG-KAN

My hair had hardly covered my forehead.
I was picking flowers, playing by my door.
When you, my lover, on a bamboo horse,

Came trotting in circles and throwing green plums.
We lived near together on a lane in Ch'ang-kan,
Both of us young and happy-hearted.
…At fourteen I became your wife,
So bashful that I dared not smile,
And I lowered my head toward a dark corner
And would not turn to your thousand calls;
But at fifteen I straightened my brows and laughed,
Learning that no dust could ever seal our love,
That even unto death I would await you by my post
And would never lose heart in the tower of silent
    watching.
…Then when I was sixteen, you left on a long journey
Through the Gorges of Chü-t'ang, of rock and
    whirling water.
And then came the Fifth-month, more than I could bear,
And I tried to hear the monkeys in your lofty far-off sky.
Your footprints by our door, where I had watched you
    go,
Were hidden, every one of them, under green moss,
Hidden under moss too deep to sweep away.
And the first autumn wind added fallen leaves.
And now, in the Eighth-month, yellowing butterflies
Hover, two by two, in our west-garden grasses…
And, because of all this, my heart is breaking
And I fear for my bright cheeks, lest they fade.
…Oh, at last, when you return through the three Pa

districts,
Send me a message home ahead!
And I will come and meet you and will never mind the
distance.
All the way to Chang-fêng Sha.

Witter Bynner.

杜　甫

Tu Fu

秋　兴

玉露凋伤枫树林，巫山巫峡气萧森。
江间波浪兼天涌，塞上风云接地阴。
丛菊两开他日泪，孤舟一系故园心。
寒衣处处催刀尺，白帝城高急暮砧。

CHANTS OF AUTUMN

Shorn by the frost with crystall blade,
The dry leaves, scattered, fall at last;
Among the valleys of Wu Chan
Cold winds of death go wailing past.

Tumultuous waves of the great river rise
And seem to storm the skies;
While snow-bright peak and prairie mist combine,
And greyness softens the harsh mountain line.
Chrysanthemums unfurl to-day,
To-morrow the last flowers are blown.
I am the barque that chains delay:
My homeward thoughts must sail alone.
From house to house warm winter robes are spread,
And through the pine-woods red
Floats up the sound of the washerman's bat who plies
His hurried task ere the brief noon wanes and dies.

L. Cranmer-Byng.

ODE TO AUTUMN

Before the Autumn's pearling dew the maple woods decay.
O'er Magic Hill and Wizard Gorge broods desolation's sway.
The billows of the river leap to touch the boiling sky.
The storm-clouds driven o'er the Pass o'er Earth as shadows fly.
The asters twice have opened a fresh year's tears to view.
The lone boat once tied up acquires old longings ever new.

All round, their winter clothes to make, the rule and
scissors ply.
Till sunset thuds the busy block o'er Po-ti's towers
high.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

THE SORCERESS GORGE

Jade dew lies upon the withered and wounded forest of
mapletrees.
On the Sorceress Hill, over the Sorceress Gorge, the
mist is desolate and dark.
The ripples of the river increase into waves and blur
with the rapidly flowing sky.
The wind-clouds at the horizon become confused
with the Earth Darkness.
The myriad chrysanthemums have bloomed twice.
Days to come—tears.
The solitary little boat is moored, but my heart is in
the old-time garden.
Everywhere people are hastening to measure and cut
out their Winter clothes.
At sunset, in the high City of the White Emperor, the
hurried pounding of washed garments.

Amy Lowell.

登　高

风急天高猿啸哀，渚清沙白鸟飞回。
无边落木萧萧下，不尽长江滚滚来。
万里悲秋常作客，百年多病独登台。
艰难苦恨繁霜鬓，潦倒新停浊酒杯。

THE HEIGHTS

The wind so fresh, the sky so high
Awake the gibbons' wailing cry.
The isles clear-cut, the sand so white,
Arrest the wheeling sea-gulls' flight.
Through endless Space with rustling sound
The falling leaves are whirled-around.
Beyond my ken a yeasty sea
The Yangtze's waves are rolling free.
From far away, in Autumn drear,
I find my self a stranger here.
With dragging years and illness wage
Lone war upon this lofty stage.
With troubles vexed and trials sore
My locks are daily growing hoar:
Till Time, before whose steps I pine,
Set down this failing cup of wine!

W. J. B. Fletcher.

A LONG CLIMB

In a sharp gale from the wide sky apes are whimpering,
Birds are flying homeward over the clear lake and
    white sand
Leaves are dropping down like the spray of a waterfall,
While I watch the long river always rolling on.
I have come three thousand miles away. Sad now with
    autumn
And with my hundred years of woe, I climb this height
    alone.
Ill fortune has laid a bitter frost on my temples,
Heart-ache and weariness are a thick dust in my wine.

Witter Bynner.

羌　村

峥嵘赤云西，日脚下平地。
柴门鸟雀噪，归客千里至。
妻孥怪我在，惊定还拭泪。
世乱遭飘荡，生还偶然遂。
邻人满墙头，感叹亦歔欷。
夜阑更秉烛，相对如梦寐。

THE WANDERER'S RETURN

The setting sun beneath the red-lined clouds,

Which mass around the foot-hills in the west,
Still floods the valley with a rose-hued light,
And lures the chirping birds to seek their rest.

The wayworn traveller pauses near the gate,
From which he sallied forth so long ago;
Unconscious then of what Fate held in store—
The years of separation, loss, and woe.

The neighbours press around the garden fence,
And gaze with mouth agape, or quietly sigh;
While wife and children awestruck, rigid stand,
And then tears flow and to his arms they fly.

'For years on revolution's waves I've tossed,
While wife and bairns mourned me in hopeless plight;
And now to-night, as in a dream, I sit
With all my loved ones 'neath the lamp's bright light.'

Charles Budd.

CHIANG TSUN

The sunset reddens o'er the lofty peak.
The sun steps down the level plain to seek.
The sparrows twitter on the wicker door—

Home!—yet so many miles have left me weak.

My wife and children start to see me here.
Surprise scarce vanquished wipes a furtive tear:
To think that swept by anarchy away
Yet chance returns me to each bosom dear.

The garden wall with neighbors' heads is lined.
Each breast surcharging breaks in sighings kind.
All night beside the candle's beam we sit,
As though in dreams and absence still we pined.

W.J.B. Fletcher.

GH'IANG TSUN: THE HAMLET OF ELEGANCE

Clouds to the West are hills overtopping one another,
a vermilion glory of fire and height;
The sun's foot has dropped below the level earth.
Large birds, small birds, twitter at my rustic gate;
The traveller returns home; he arrives from a thousand *li*.
Wife, children, marvel that I am alive;
First startled, then comforted, yet again they dry their
tears.
The world is in confusion, I have blown on the
whirlwind and floated on vast waters;
That I return alive is the result of mere accident.

Neighbours and friends crowd to overflowing the top of
our wall;
Their emotions are roused; they sigh, snivel and blow
their noses, they whimper and sob.
Late at night we still grasp candles:
We are together—do we sleep and dream?

Florence Ayscough.

石 壕 吏

暮投石壕村，有吏夜捉人。
老翁逾墙走，老妇出门看。
吏呼一何怒！妇啼一何苦！
听妇前致词："三男邺城戍。
一男附书至，二男新战死。
存者且偷生，死者长已矣！
室中更无人，惟有乳下孙。
有孙母未去，出入无完裙。
老妪力虽衰，请从吏夜归。
急应河阳役，犹得备晨炊。"
夜久语声绝，如闻泣幽咽。
天明登前途，独与老翁别。

THE PRESSGANG

There, where at eve I sought a bed,
A pressgang came, recruits to hunt;
Over the wall the goodman sped,

And left his wife to bear the brunt.

Ah me! the cruel serjeant's rage!
Ah me! how sadly she anon
Told all her story's mournful page,—
How three sons to the war had gone;

How one had sent a line to say
That two had been in battle slain:
He, from the fight had run away,
But they could ne'er come back again.

She swore 'twas all the family—
Except a grandson at the breast;
His mother too was there, but she
Was all in rags and tatters drest.

The crone with age was troubled sore.
But for herself she'd not think twice
To journey to the seat of war
And held to cook the soldiers' rice.

The night wore on and stopped her talk;
Then sobs upon my hearing fell…
At dawn when I set forth to walk,
Only the goodman cried Farewell!

Herbert A. Giles.

THE RUNNERS OF SHIH HAO

The twilight gloamed. At Shih-hao Tsun I stayed.
Night soldiers brought the inmates to arrest.
The old man leapt the wall and fled affrayed:
To meet them issued his old wife distressed.
Shouted the soldiers tones in anger strong.
The woman's voice was broken with her woe.
I heard her say that her three sons had gone
To war at Yeh-ch'eng. They were forced to go.
That two were dead the last one wrote to say:
And he in constant jeopardy, he wrote.
Those dead were gone forever. Aye! Aye! Aye!
(With what a choke the words tore up her throat)
Within the house there now was no one left—
Only her infant grandson at the breast.
And his poor mother thus of all bereft,
In worn and tattered robe was scantly dressed.
The poor old soul, enfeebled, aged and worn,
Through the dark night must with the soldiers go—
Her enemies! With agitation torn,
To cook a meal she hurries to and fro.
Their voices' sound the lengthening hours consume:
And weeping dies in strangling sobs away.
The light returns.—As I my road resume,
But sad farewells to that old man I say.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

THE RECRUITING SERGEANT

At sunset in the village of Che-kao
I sought for shelter; on my heels there trod
A grim recruiting sergeant, of the kind
That seize their prey by night. A poor old man
Saw—scaled the wall, and vanished. Through the gate
An old bent woman hobbled, and she marched
A pace before him. Loudly in his wrath
The grim recruiter stormed; and bitterly
She answered: "Listen to the voice of her
Who drags before you. Once I had three sons—
Three in the Emperor's camp; A letter came
From one, and—there was one; the others fell
In the same battle—he alone was left,
Scarce able from the iron grasp of Death
To tear his miserable life.

Alas

My two dead boys! for ever and for aye
Death holds them. In our wretched hut remains
The last of all the men—a little child,
Still at his mother's breast. She cannot flee
Since her few tatters scarce suffice to clothe
Her shrunken limbs.

My years are nearly done,

My strength is well-nigh spent; yet I will go

Readily to the camping-ground. Perchance
I may be useful for some humble task,
To cook the rice or stir the morning meal."

Night slipped away. The clamour and the cries
Died down; but there was weeping and the sound
Of stifled moans around me.
At the break
Of dawn I hurried on my road, and left
None but an old and broken man behind.
L. Cranmer-Byng.

THE RECRUITING AT THE VILLAGE OF THE STONE MOAT

I sought a lodging for the night, at sunset, in the Stone Moat Village.
Recruiting Officers, who seize people by night, were there.
A venerable old man climbed over the wall and fled.
An old woman came out of the door and peered.
What rage in the shouts of the Recruiting Officers!
What bitterness in the weeping of the old woman!
I heard the words of the woman as she pled her cause before them:
"My three sons are with the frontier guard at Yeh Ch'eng.
From one son I have received a letter.

A little while ago, two sons died in battle.
He who remains has stolen a temporary lease of life;
The dead are finished forever.
In the house, there is still no grown man,
Only my grandson at the breast.
The mother of my grandson has not gone,
Going out, coming in, she has not a single Whole skirt.
I am an old, old woman, and my strength is failing,
But I beg to go with the Recruiting Officers when they
return this night.
I will eagerly agree to act as a servant at Ho Yang;
I am still able to prepare the early mornig meal."
The sound of words ceased in the long night,
It was as though I heard the darkness choke with tears.
At daybreak. I went on my way,
Only the venerable old man was left.

Amy Lowell.

兵 车 行

车辚辚，马萧萧，行人弓箭各在腰。
耶娘妻子走相送，尘埃不见咸阳桥。
牵衣顿足拦道哭，哭声直上干云霄。
道旁过者问行人，行人但云点行频。
或从十五北防河，便至四十西营田；
去时里正与裹头，归来头白还戍边。
边庭流血成海水，武皇开边意未已。

君不闻汉家山东二百州，千村万落生荆杞。
纵有健妇把锄犁，禾生陇亩无东西。
况复秦兵耐苦战，被驱不异犬与鸡。
长者虽有问，役夫敢申恨？
且如今年冬，未休关西卒。
县官急索租，租税从何出？
信知生男恶，反是生女好；
生女犹得嫁比邻，生男埋没随百草！
君不见青海头，古来白骨无人收。
新鬼烦冤旧鬼哭，天阴雨湿声啾啾。

CONSCRIPTS LEAVING FOR THE FRONTIER

Chariots rumbling; horses neighing;
　　Soldiers shouting martial cries;
Drums are sounding; trumpets braying;
　　Seas of glittering spears arise.

On each warrior's back are hanging
　　Deadly arrows, mighty bows;
Pipes are blowing, gongs are clanging,
　　On they march in serried rows.

Age-bowed parents, sons and daughters
　　Crowd beside in motley bands;
Here one stumbles, there one falters

Through the clouds of blinding sands.

Wives and mothers sometimes clinging
To their loved ones in the ranks,
Or in grief their bodies flinging
On the dusty crowded flanks.

Mothers', wives', and children's weeping
Rises sad above the din, —
Through the clouds to Heaven creeping—
Justice begging for their din.

'To what region are they going?'
Asks a stranger passing by;
'To the Yellow River; flowing
Through the desert bare and dry!

'Forced conscription daily snapping
Ties which bind us to our clan;
Forced conscription, slowly sapping
All the manhood of the Han.

And the old man went on speaking
To the stranger from afar:
'Tis the Emperor, glory seeking,
Drives them 'neath his baleful star.

'Guarding river; guarding passes
　　On the frontier, wild and drear;
Fighting foes in savage masses—
　　Scant of mercy, void of fear.

'Proclamations, without pity,
　　Rain upon us day by day,
Till from village, town, and city
　　All our men are called away.

'Called away to swell the flowing
　　Of the streams of human blood,
Where the bitter north wind blowing
　　Petrifies the ghastly flood.

'Guarding passes through the mountains,
　　Guarding rivers in the plain;
While in sleep, in youth's clear fountain,
　　Scenes of home come back again.

'But, alas! the dream is leaded
　　With the morn's recurring grief,
Only few return—grey-headed—
　　To their homes, for days too brief.

'For the Emperor, still unheeding
　　Starving homes and lands untilled,

On his fatuous course proceeding,
  Swears his camps shall be refilled,

'Hence new levies are demanded,
  And the war goes on apace,
Emperor and foemen banded
  In the slaughter of the race.

'All the region is denuded
  Of its men and hardy boys,
Only women left, deluded
  Of life's promise and its joys.

'Yet the prefects clamour loudly
  That the taxes must be paid,—
Ride about and hector proudly!
  How can gold from stones be made?

'Levy after levy driven,
  Treated more like dogs than men,
Over mountains, tempest riven,
  Through the salty desert fen.

'There by Hun and Tartar harried—
  Ever fighting, night or day;
Wounded, left to die, or carried
  Far from kith and kin away.

'Better bring forth daughters only
Than male children doomed to death,
Slaughtered in the desert lonely,
Frozen by the north wind's breath.

'Where their bodies, left unburied,
Strew the plain from west to east,
While above in legions serried
Vultures hasten to the feast.

'Brave men's bones on desert bleaching,
Far away from home and love,
Spirits of the dead beseeching
Justice from the heaven above.'

Charles Budd.

THE CHARIOTS GO FORTH TO WAR

Chariots rumble and roll; horses whinny and neigh.
Footmen at their girdle bows and arrows display.
Fathers, mothers, wives, and children by them go—
'Tis not the choking dust alone that strangles what they say!
Their clothes they clutch; their feet they stamp; their crush blocks up the way,
The sounds of weeping mount above the clouds that gloom the day.

The passers-by inquire of them, "But whither do you go?"
They only say: "We're mustering—do not disturb us so."
These, fifteen years and upwards, the Northern Pass defend;
And still at forty years of age their service does not end.
All young they left their villages—just registered were they—
The war they quitted sees again the same men worn and gray.
And all along the boundary their blood has made a sea.
But never till the World is his, will Wu Huang happy be!

Have you not heard—in Shantung there two hundred districts lie
All overgrown with briar and weed and wasted utterly?
The stouter women swing the hoe and guide the stubborn plough,
The fields have lost their boundaries—the corn grows wildly now.
And routed bands with hunger grim come down in disarray.
To rob and rend and outrage them, and treat them as a prey.

Although the leaders question them, the soldiers' plaints resound.

And winter has not stopped the war upon the western bound.

And war needs funds; the Magistrates for taxes press each day.

The land tax and the duties—Ah! how shall these be found?

In times like this stout sons to bear is sorrow and dismay.

Far better girls—to marry to a home not far away.

But sons!—are buried in the grass!—you Tsaidam's waste survey!

The bones of those who fell before are bleaching on the plain.

Their spirits weep our ghosts to hear lamenting all their pain.

Beneath the gloomy sky there runs a wailing in the rain.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

A SONG OF WAR-CHARIOTS

The war-chariots rattle,

The war-horses whinny.

Each man of you has a bow and a quiver at his belt.

Father, mother, son, wife, stare at you going,

Till dust shall have buried the bridge beyond Ch'ang-an.
They run with you, crying, they tug at your sleeves,
And the sound of their sorrow goes up to the clouds:
And every time a bystander asks you a question,
You can only say to him that you have to go.
…We remember others at fifteen sent north to guard
the river
And at forty sent west to cultivate the camp-farms.
The mayor wound their turbans for them when they
started out.
With their turbaned hair white now, they are still at the
border,
At the border where the blood of men spills like the
sea—
And still the heart of Emperor Wu is beating for war.
…Do you know that, east of China's mountains, in
two hundred districts
And in thousands of villages, nothing grows but
weeds,
And though strong women have bent to the ploughing,
East and west the furrows all are broken down?
…Men of China are able to face the stiffest battle,
But their officers drive them like chickens and dogs.

Whatever is asked of them,
Dare they complain?
For example, this winter
Held west of the gate,

Challenged for taxes,

How could they pay?

…We have learned that to have a son is bad luck—

It is very much better to have a daughter

Who can marry and live in the house of a neighbour,

While under the sod we bury our boys.

... Go to the Blue Sea, look along the shore

At all the old white bones forsaken—

New ghosts are wailing there now with the old,

Loudest ill the dark sky of a stormy day.

Witter Bynner.

THE CHARIOTS GO FORTH TO WAR

The chariots go forth to war,

Rumbling, roaring as they go;

The horses neigh and whinny loud,

Tugging at the bit.

The dust swirls up in great dense clouds,

And hides the Han Yang bridge.

In serried ranks the archers march,

A bow and quiver at each waist;

Fathers, mothers, children, wives

All crowd around to say farewell.

Pulling at clothes and stamping feet,

They force the soldiers' ranks apart,

And all the while their sobs and cries
Reach to the skies above,

"Where go you to-day?" a passer-by
Calls to the marching men.
A grizzled old veteran answers him,
Halting his swinging stride:

"At fifteen I was sent to the nerth
To guard the river against the Hun;
At forty I was sent to camp,
To farm in the west, far, far from home.
When I left, my hair was long and black;
When I came home, it was white and thin.
To-day they send me again to the wars,
Back to the north frontier,
By whose gray towers our blood has flowed
In a red tide, like the sea—
And will flow again, for Wu Huang Ti
Is resolved to rule the world.
"Have you not heard how in far Shantung
Two hundred districts lie
With a thousand towns and ten thousand homes
Deserted, neglected, weed-grown?
Husbands fighting or dead, wives drag the plow,
And the grain grows wild in the fields.
The soldiers recruited in Shansi towns

Still fight; but, with spirit gone,
Like chickens and dogs they are driven about,
And have not the heart to complain.

"I am greatly honored by your speech with me.
Dare I speak of my hatreds and grief?

"All this long winter, conscription goes on
Through the whole country, from the east to the west,
And taxes grow heavy. But how Can we pay,
Who have nothing to give from our land?
A son is a curse at a time like this,
And daughters more welcome far;
For, when daughters grow up, they can marry, at least,
And live on a neighbor's land.
But our sons? We bury them after the fight,
And they rot where the grass grows long.

"Have you not seen at far Ching Hai,
By the waters of Kokonor,
How the heaped skulls and bones of slaughtered men
Lie bleaching in the sun?
Their ancient ghosts hear our own ghosts weep,
And cry and lament in turn;
The heavens grow dark with great storm-clouds,
And the specters wail in the rain."

Henry H. Hart.

WAR CHARIOTS

Lin! lin! chariots jangle; hsiao! hsiao! horses snort;
Men move forward; at his hip each wears arrows and a
bow.

Fathers, mothers, wives, children, all come out to
say farewell;
Dust in clouds: they cannot see the near-by Hsien
Yang Bridge.

They drag at the men's coats, fall beneath their feet,
obstruct the road, weeping;
Sound of weeping rises straight; divides the soft white
clouds.

On the road, passers-by question the marching men;
Marching men reply; 'Dots against our names; we are
hurried away.

Followers who are ten years and five, go North to
guard the river;
When they reach four tens, go West to dig
encampment fields.

On leaving, Village Senior wraps a cloth about their

heads;

On returning, their hair is white; they have
continuously kept watch at frontiers.

At frontier territories blood flows like waters of the
sea;

To open those frontiers is the unceasing desire of the
Military Emperor.

. . . .

Does my Lord not hear?—the Han Clan have two
hundred prefectures East of the Mountain;

In a thousand hamlets, a myriad abodes, brambles,
alders grow.

Propriety is outraged; the stronger women grasp the
hoe, the plough;

Grain springs on dykes, in fields; divisions East and
West are wiped out,

Moreover, soldiers of Ch'in again endure hardships of
battle;

They submit to being driven on, as though they did not
differ from dogs or fowls.

. . . .

Even if the elders ask questions,

How dare conscript soldiers express resentment?

Thus it is in the winter of this very year:
West of the Pass arming of soldiers does not cease.

The Official of the Central District urgently seeks taxes
in kind;
Where shall they come from, rentals, taxes in kind?

We must admit, giving birth to sons is bad;
All is changed: giving birth to daughters is good.

A daughter is born: we still can give her in marriage,
— keep her as a neighbour;
A son is born: he is buried without rites among the one
hundred grasses.

Does my Lord not see?—at the head of the Green Lake
White bones have lain since early ages, and none to
gather them.

New ghosts are perplexed at wanton ill-usage; old
ghosts cry;
Dark sky, wetting rain; sound of their cries—chiu!
chiu!

Florence Ayscough.

Part Ⅳ Other T'ang Poets

第四章 唐诸家

张九龄

Chang Chiu – ling

望月怀远

海上生明月，天涯共此时。
情人怨遥夜，竟夕起相思。
灭烛怜光满，披衣觉露滋。
不堪盈手赠，还寝梦佳期。

BY MOONLIGHT

Over the sea the round moon rises bright,
And floods the horizon with its silver light.
In absence lovers grieve that nights should be,

But all the livelong night I think of thee.
I blow my lamp out to enjoy the rest,
And shake the gathering dewdrop from my vest.
Alas! I cannot share with thee these beams.
So lay me down to seek thee in my dreams.

Herbert A. Giles.

MOON THOUGHTS

The clear moon uprises, new-born from the sea.
This hour is the same through the bourne of the skies.
With night my love grieves to be so far from me.
As evening approaches, our longings arise.
When I put out the candle, I long for the light;
And outside I find, ah! how rich is this dew.
Unable in handfuls to give it to you,
In dream of sweet meetings I pass the long night.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

LOOKING AT THE MOON AND THINKING OF ONE FAR AWAY

The moon, grown full now over the sea,
Brightening the whole of heaven,
Brings to separated hearts
The long thoughtfulness of night…

It is no darker though I blow out my candle.
It is no warmer though I put on my coat.
So I leave my message with the moon
And turn to my bed, hoping for dreams.

Witter Bynner.

自君之出矣

自君之出矣，不复理残机。
思君如满月，夜夜减清辉。

AN ABSENT HUSBAND

Since my lord left—ah me, unhappy hour!—
The half-spun web hangs idly in my bower;
My heart is like the full moon, full of pains,
Save that 'tis always full and never wanes.

Herbert A. Giles.

LONGING

Since, ah! you went away,
What grief my mind can sway?
I yearn like the moon at full:
Am duller day by day!

W. J. B. Fletcher.

ABSENCE

Ever since the day
You went,
And left me here alone,
My lord,
The world is changed!

Upon the loom
The web, half woven, hangs
Untouched.

My thoughts .
Are all of you,
And I am like yon silver moon,
Whose glory wanes
And grows more pale
Each night!

Henry H. Hart.

张若虚

Chang Jo – hsu

春江花月夜

春江潮水连海平，海上明月共潮生。
滟滟随波千万里，何处春江无月明。
江流宛转绕芳甸，月照花林皆似霰。
空里流霜不觉飞，汀上白沙看不见。
江天一色无纤尘，皎皎空中孤月轮。
江畔何人初见月？江月何年初照人？
人生代代无穷已，江月年年只相似。
不知江月待何人，但见长江送流水。
白云一片去悠悠，青枫浦上不胜愁。
谁家今夜扁舟子？何处相思明月楼？
可怜楼上月徘徊，应照离人妆镜台。
玉户帘中卷不去，捣衣砧上拂还来。
此时相望不相闻，愿逐月华流照君。
鸿雁长飞光不度，鱼龙潜跃水成文。
昨夜闲潭梦落花，可怜春半不还家。
江水流春去欲尽，江潭落月复西斜。
斜月沉沉藏海雾，碣石潇湘无限路。

不知乘月几人归，落月摇情满江树。

THE RIVER BY NIGHT IN SPRING

In Spring the flooded river meets the tide
　　Which from the ocean surges to the land;
The moon across the rolling water shines
　　From wave to wave to reach the distant strand.

And when the heaving sea and river meet,
　　The latter turns and floods the fragrant fields;
While in the moon's pale light as shimmering sleet
　　Alike seem sandy shores and wooded wealds.

For sky and river in one colour blend,
　　Without a spot of dust to mar the scene;
While in the heavens above the full-orbed moon
　　In white and lustrous beauty hangs serene.

And men and women, as the fleeting years,
　　Are born into this world and pass away;
And still the river flows, the moon shines fair,
　　And will their courses surely run for ay.

But who was he who first stood here and gazed
　　Upon the river and the heavenly light?
And when did moon and river first behold

The solitary watcher in the night?
The maples sigh upon the river's bank,
A white cloud drifts across the azure dome;
In yonder boat some traveller sails to-night
Beneath the moon which links his thoughts with home.

Above the home it seems to hover long,
And peep through chinks within her chamber blind;
The moon-borne message she cannot escape,
Alas, the husband tarries far behind!

She looks across the gulf but hears no voice,
Until her heart with longing leaps apace,
And fain would she the silvery moonbeams follow
Until they shine upon her loved one's face.

'Last night,' she murmured sadly to herself,
'I dreamt of falling flowers by shady ponds;
My Spring, ah me! half through its course has sped,
But you return not to your wedded bonds.'

For ever onward flows the mighty stream;
The Spring, half gone, is gliding to its rest;
While on the river and the silent pools
The moonbeams fail obliquely from the west,

And now the moon descending to the verge
　　Has disappeared beneath the sea-borne dew;
While stretch the waters of the 'Siao and Siang',
　　And rocks and cliffs, in never-ending view.

Charles Budd.

MOON THOUGHTS

Over a river by the ocean floating
That flows not for the tide
The moon uprises on the waters' motion
With equal kingdom wide.
The Ocean's face is radiant with her glory.
Perfumed through flowery banks the river flows.
And serpents with a winding desultory
By flowering woods that gleam as purest snows,
So white that ivory no outline shows,
Nor seen the white sand on the shore thereby.
The fleckless sky meets with the stainless sea:
And wheel-large floats in vast eternity
The moon upon the flawless crystal sky.

Who by this river first beheld her face?
Whom by this river did the moon first see?
Ah, many generations of his race
Have come, and past into infinity

While she rode lightly in immensity.
I do not know for whom her beams alway
Shine—but the river waters flow away!
And one white fleck of cloud them follows too,
Tracing their windings with its pearly hue.
To-night who floats upon the tiny skiff?
From what high tower yearns out upon the night
The dear beloved in the pale moonlight,
Alone, so lonely with the lonely moon?

In the deep chamber where her hair she braids,—
And where the moon oft kissed our arms entwined—
Where, oh, we parted—lo, she rolls the blind
And inward steps the moon with silent pace:
Or noiseless gazes on her thoughtful face
When busied in the working of her maids.

To each unknown our thoughts go forth to meet.
How would I ride the moonbeams to thy feet!
The wild swans and the geese go sailing by
But rob not any brightness from the sky:
And fishes ripples on the water pleat.

Last night, when dreaming, ah, I seemed to see
That many flowers had fallen by this stream.
And low I moaned, "Already spring will flee
And I can barely see thee in a dream."

The waters bear away the spring; and now
But scattered stars remain upon the bough.
The moon is sinking to her western hall,
Darkened and drooping in the sea mists' pall.

From thee to me I cannot tell how far!
How many with the moon home wandered are
I cannot tell—But as the shadowy trees
Stir on the stream with sighings sad and lone,
So sighs my soul to thee, my own, my own!

W. J. B. Fletcher.

王 维

Wang Wei

送 别

下马饮君酒，问君何所之？
君言不得意，归卧南山陲。
但去莫复问，白云无尽时。

GOODBYE TO MENG HAO-JAN

Dismounted, o'er wine we had said our last say;
Then I whisper, "Dear friend, tell me whither away."

"Alas!" he replied, "I am sick of life's ills
"And I long for repose on the slumbering hills.
"But oh seek not to pierce where my footsteps may
stray.
"The white clouds will soothe me for ever and ay."

Herbert A. Giles.

"SO FAREWELL. AND IF FOR EVER, STILL FOR EVER FARE YE WELL."

Quitting my horse, a cup with you I drank.
And drinking, asked you whither you were bound.
Your hopes unprospered, said you, turned you round.
You went. I asked no more. The white clouds pass,
And never yet have any limit found.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

AT PARTING

I dismount from my horse and I offer you wine.
And I ask you where you are going and why.
And you answer: "I am discontent
And would rest at the foot of the southern mountain.
So give me leave and ask me no questions.
White clouds pass there without end."

Witter Bynner.

渭川田家

斜光照墟落，穷巷牛羊归。
野老念牧童，倚仗候荆扉。
雉雊麦苗秀，蚕眠桑叶稀。
田夫荷锄至，相见语依依。
即此羡闲逸，怅然吟《式微》。

FARM HOUSE ON THE WEI STREAM

The slanting sun shines on the cluster of small houses
upon the heights.
Oxen and sheep are coming home along the distant
lane.
An old countryman is thinking of the herd-boy,
He leans on his staff by the thorn-branch gate, watching.
Pheasants are calling, the wheat is coming into ear,
Silk-worms sleep, the mulberry-leaves are thin.
Labourers, with their hoes over their shoulders, arrive;
They speak pleasantly together, loth to part.
It is for this I long—unambitious peace!
Disappointed in my hopes, dissatisfied,
I hum "Dwindled and Shrunken."

Amy Lowell.

A FARM-HOUSE ON THE WEI RIVER

In the slant of the sun on the country-side,
Cattle and sheep trail home along the lane;
And a rugged old man in a thatch door
Leans on a staff and thinks of his son, the herd-boy.
There are whirring pheasants, full wheat-ears,
Silk-worms asleep, pared mulberry-leaves.
And the farmers, returning with hoes on their
shoulders,
Hail one another familiarly.
...No wonder I long for the simple life
And am singing the old song, *Oh, to Go Back Again!*

Witter Bynner.

储光羲

Ch'u Kuang-hsi

田家杂兴

种桑百余树，种黍三十亩。
衣食既有余，时时会宾友。
夏来菰米饭，秋至菊花酒。

孺人喜逢迎，稚子解趋走。
日暮闲园里，团团荫榆柳。
酩酊乘夜归，凉风吹户牖。
清浅望河汉，仰昂看北斗。
数瓮犹未开，来朝能饮否？

RUSTIC FELICITY

My little farm fivescore of silk trees grows
And acres five of grain in ordered rows.
Thus having food and clothing and to spare
My bounty often with my friends I share.

The Summer brings the Ku-mi rice so fine;
Chrysanthemums in Autumn spice the wine.
My jolly spouse is glad my friends to see;
And my young son obeys me readily.

At eye I dawdle in the garden fair
With elms and willows shaded everywhere.
When, wine-elated, Night forbids me stay,
Through door and window grateful breeaes play.

Bright ,shoal and plain I see the Milky Way;
And high and low the Bear o'er Heaven sway.
As yet intact some Bottles bear their Seal.

And shall to-morrow their contents reveal?

W.J.B.Fletcher.

THE HAPPY FARMER

I've a hundred mulberry trees

And thirty mow of grain,

With sufficient food and clothes,

And friends my wine to drain.

The fragrant grain of 'Ku – mi' seed

Provides our Summer fare;

Our Autumn brew of aster wine

Is rich beyond compare.

My goodwife comes with smiling face

To welcome all our guests;

My children run with willing feet

To carry my behests.

When work is done and evening come,

We saunter to the park,

And there, 'neath elm and willow trees

We're blithe as soaring lark.

With wine and song the hours fly by

Till each in cloudland roams,

And then, content with all the world,
　　We wander to our homes,

Through lattice-window steals a breeze,
　　As on my couch I lie,
While overhead the 'Silver Stream'
　　Flows through a splendid sky.

And as I gaze it comes to mind—
　　A dozen jars at least
Of the aster-scented wine remain
　　To grace to-morrow's feast.

Charles Budd.

徐安贞

Hsu An-chen

闻邻家理筝

北斗横天夜欲阑，愁人倚月思无端。
忽闻画阁秦筝逸，知是邻家赵女弹。
曲成虚忆青蛾敛，调急遥怜玉指寒。
银锁重关听未辟，不如眠去梦中看。

MY NEIGHBOUR

When the Bear athwart was lying
And the night was just on dying,
And the moon wasn't yet gone
How my thoughts did ramble on!

Then a sound of music breaks
From a lute that some one wakes,
And I know that it is she,
The sweet maid next door to me.

And as the strains steal o'er me
Her moth-eyebrows rise before me.
And I feel a gentle thrill
That her fingers must be chill.

But doors and locks between us
So effectually screen us
That I hasten from the fancy free
And in dreamland pray to see.

Herbert A. Giles.

MY NEIGHBOUR'S LUTE

The Dipper sloped across the sky,

The night was waxing late,
As sadly gazing on the Moon
I stood to ruminate.
When from the Painted Chamber
I heard a sweet lute ring.
I knew it was that lovely maid
Next door who touched the string.

The song swells up. Those eyebrows fair
My vacant thoughts desire.
More swift the strain. Those fingers chill
With ruth my bosom fire.
Yon door is locked. I listen near;
And yet it will not ope.
That sleep may bring sweet dreams to me
Must be my only hope.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

李　颀

Li Ch'i

送陈章甫

四月南风大麦黄，枣花未落桐叶长。

青山朝别暮还见，嘶马出门思旧乡。
陈侯立身何坦荡，虬须虎眉仍大颡。
腹中贮书一万卷，不肯低头在草莽。
东门酤酒饮我曹，心轻万事如鸿毛。
醉卧不知白日暮，有时空望孤云高。
长河浪头连天黑，津口停舟渡不得。
郑国游人未及家，洛阳行子空叹息。
闻道故林相识多，罢官昨日今如何？

FAREWELL TO CH'EN CHANG-FU

Now the year is four moons old,
South winds blow, and corn is gold;
　　Date flowers still unfallen blow,
And the wu-tung leaves unfold.
When day dawns the hill we leave:
I alone return at eve:
　　You borne on by neighing steed
Dreams of home in fancy weave.
In thee, Duke, are nobly blent
Soul and mien magnificent;
　　Snaky beard, and tiger's brows,
'Neath an ample forehead pent.
Ancient lore of many a tome
Finds within thy breast a home;
　　Loth art thou, state laid aside,
In rusticity to roam.

Wine to cheer our company
At the east gate I did buy;
    On our hearts the world's affairs
Light as swan's down then did lie.
Careless how the swift hours race
Quaffed we free the potent glass;
    Idly gazing now and then
At lone clouds as high they pass.
Mingled now the darkling sky
With the river flowing by:
    Then the barriers closed, and we
Still on this side had to lie.
Now, belated, those who roam,
Peddlars, could not cross the foam;
    Travellers too from Lu-yang's mart
Sighed in vain for passage home.
In thine ancestral domain
Surely many friends remain:
    Yestreen you resigned, to-day
Seek not office to regain.

C. Gaunt.

A FAREWELL TO MY FRIEND CH'EN CHANG-FU

In the Fourth-month the south wind blows plains of
    yellow barley.

Date-flowers have not faded yet and lakka-leaves
are long.
The green peak that we left at dawn we still can see at
evening,
While our horses whinny on the road, eager to turn
homeward.
…Ch'en, my friend, you have always been a great and
good man,
With your dragon's moustache, tiger's eyebrows and
your massive forehead.
In your bosom you have shelved away ten thousand
volumes.
You have held your head high, never bowed it in the
dust.
…After buying us wine and pledging us, here at the
eastern gate,
And taking things as lightly as a wildgoose feather,
Flat you lie, tipsy, forgetting the white sun;
But now and then you open your eyes and gaze at a
high lone cloud.
…The tide-head of the long river joins the darkening
sky.
The ferryman beaches his boat. It has grown too late
to sail.
And people on their way from Cheng cannot go home,
And people from Lo-yang sigh with disappointment.
…I have heard about the many friends around your

woodland dwelling.
Yesterday you were dismissed. Are they your friends
today?

Witter Bynner.

岑　参

Ts'ên Ts'an

白雪歌送武判官归

北风卷地白草折，胡天八月即飞雪。
忽如一夜春风来，千树万树梨花开。
散入珠帘湿罗幕，狐裘不暖锦衾薄。
将军角弓不得控，都护铁衣冷难着。
瀚海阑干百丈冰，愁云惨淡万里凝。
中军置酒饮归客，胡琴琵琶与羌笛。
纷纷暮雪下辕门，风掣红旗冻不翻。
轮台东门送君去，去时雪满天山路。
山回路转不见君，雪上空留马行处。

FAREWELL TO A COMRADE

Cold gusts from Arctic regions sweep the ground,
And snowflakes countless fly through the wintry

sky,

Covering with spotless robe the earth around,

While snow flowers frail on twigs and branches lie.

As when a genial breeze in early Spring

Shakes open all the pear-trees' blossoms white,

And sombre-looking trees with leafless boughs

Are decked with radiance in a single night.

Through crevices and slits in bamboo blinds,

Which shield the entrance to our hempen tent,

Snow-whirls and keen winds blow and chill the

blood,

In spite of furs and wadded garments blent.

Cold so intense is felt by all alike—

The General cannot stretch his horn-tipped bow,

In coats of mail the Captains stiffly move,

While soldiers growl or mutter curses low.

Far off the desert stretches as a sea,

In frozen ridges like to driven clouds,

Alas, the multitudes of warriors brave

The pathless waste of cruel sand enshrouds!

But now our happy comrade homeward turns,

We'll drink his health to sound of viol and flute,

And see him safely on his journey start;
Another cup, and then the old salute!

Falls thick the snow around the fortress walls,
The red flag frozen stirs not in the air,
As forth we ride from out the Eastern gate,—
In jostling groups, or quietly pair by pair.

Nearing the Tien-shan road we draw in rein,
To bid our comrade there a last farewell,
And watch him upward climb the mountain path
To peaks that touch the clouds whers genii dwell.

But soon the winding path conceals from view
The fading horsemen as they upward wend;
All we now see are footprints in the snow,
As 'ih-lu fuh-sing' we towards them send.

Charles Budd.

THE WHITE SNOW SONG; A FAREWELL TO WU P'AN-KUAN ON HIS RETURN HOME.

The north wind rolls the dust along, and snaps the grasses sere.
Why do the snowflakes fill the sky in the eighth moon of the year?

'Tis just as on a night in spring sudden the wind
doth wail,
Then from a myriad pear trees fly the blossoms
scattered,
And through the pearly lattice dew the curtains of my
bed.

The fox-fur coat, nor quilted vest, may mitigate the
cold;
But no respite tends the bowmen who escort the
chieftain bold,
Who despite the bitter frost are clad in coat of
iron mail.
For mile on mile the ice-bound tracts hedge in the
Gobi Plains,
And league on league the sad clouds lower, and frozen
silence reigns.

Last night the bold lieutenant purchased wine to speed
the guest,
And music rose from lute, guitar, and sweet flute of the
west.
Outside the yamen gate the snow drifted confusedly,
And rigid in the biting wind the red flag stood on high.

Escorting you upon your way, to the Eastern Gate I rode,
And there I marked the mountain path was filled

with drifting snow;
Full soon you disappeared as up the winding way
you go,
And wistfully I lingered where the snow your horses
trode.

C. Gaunt.

A SONG OF WHITE SNOW IN FAREWELL TO FIELD-CLERK WU GOING HOME

The north wind rolls the white grasses and breaks
them;
And the Eighth-month snow across the Tartar sky
Is like a spring gale, come up in the night,
Blowing open the petals of ten thousand pear-trees.
It enters the pearl blinds, it wets the silk curtains;
A fur coat feels cold, a cotton mat flimsy;
Bows become rigid, can hardly be drawn,
And the metal of armour congeals on the men;
The sand-sea deepens with fathomless ice,
And darkness masses its endless clouds;
But we drink to our guest bound home from camp,
And play him barbarian lutes, guitars, harps;
Till at dusk, when the drifts are crushing our tents
And our frozen red flags cannot flutter in the wind,
We watch him through Wheel-Tower Gate going

eastward
Into the snow-mounds of Heaven-Peak Road…
And then he disappears at the turn of the pass,
Leaving behind him only hoof-prints.

Witter Bynner.

常 建

Ch'ang Chien

破山寺后禅院

清晨入古寺，初日照高林。
竹径通幽处，禅房花木深。
山光悦鸟性，潭影空人心。
万籁此俱寂，但馀钟磬音。

DHYANA'S HALL

At dawn I come to the convent old,
While the rising sun tips its tall trees with gold,—
As, darkly, by a winding path I reach
Dhyâna's hall, hidden midst fir and beech.
Around these hills sweet birds their pleasure take,
Man's heart as free from shadow as this lake;

Here worldly sounds are hushed, as by a spell,
Save for the booming of the altar bell.

Herbert A. Giles.

THE HALL OF SILENCE

Where the sun's eye first
Peers above the pines,
On the ancient temple
Early daylight shines.
To retirement guiding
Leads the winding way:
Round the Cell of Silence
Flowers and Foliage stray.
Hark! the birds rejoicing
In the mountain light!
Like one's dim reflection
On a pool at night
Lo! the heart is melted
Wav'ring out of sight.
All is hushed to silence.
Harmony is still.
The bell's low chime alone
Whispers round the hill.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

A BUDDHIST RETREAT
BEHIND BROKEN-MOUNTAIN TEMPLE

In the pure morning, near the old temple,
Where early sunlight points the tree-tops,
My path has wound, through a sheltered hollow
Of boughs and flowers, to a Buddhist retreat.
Here birds are alive with mountain-light,
And the mind of man touches peace in a pool,
And a thousand sounds are quieted
By the breathing of a temple-bell.

Witter Bynner.

孟浩然

Mêng Hao-jan

夏日南亭怀辛大

山光忽西落，池月渐东上。
散发乘夕凉，开轩卧闲敞。
荷风送香气，竹露滴清响。
欲取鸣琴弹，恨无知音赏。
感此怀故人，中宵劳梦想。

IN DREAMLAND

The sun has set behind the western slope,
    The eastern moon lies mirrored in the pool;
With streaming hair my balcony I ope,
    And stretch my limbs out to enjoy the cool.
Loaded with lotus-scent the breeze sweeps by,
    Clear dripping drops from tall bamboos I hear,
I gaze upon my idle lute and sigh:
    Alas no sympathetic soul is near!
And so I doze, the while before mine eyes
    Dear friends of other days in dream-clad forms
        arise.

Herbert A. Giles.

A REVERIE IN A SUMMER-HOUSE

The daylight fades behind the Western Mountains,
    And in the east is seen the rising moon,
Which faintly mirrored in the garden fountains
    Foretells that night and dreams are coming soon.

With window open-hair unloosed and flowing
    I lie in restful ease upon my bed:
The evening breeze across the lilies blowing
    With fragrant coolness falls upon my head.

And in the solemn stillness—all-prevailing,
The fall of dewdrops from the tall bamboos—
Which grow in graceful rows along the railing—
Sounds through the silence soft as dove's faint coos.

On such an eve as this I would be singing,
And playing plaintive tunes upon the lute,
And thus to mind old friends and pleasures bringing;
But none are here to join with harp and flute!

So in a pleasant stillness I lie dreaming
Of bygone days and trusty friends of old,
Among whom Sin-tze's happy face is beaming;
I would my thoughts could now to him be told.

Charles Budd.

THE LOST ONE

The red gleam o'er the mountains
Goes wavering from sight,
And the quiet moon enhances
The loveliness of night.

I open wide my casement
To breathe the rain-cooled air,
And mingle with the moonlight

The dark waves of my hair.

The night wind tells me secrets
Of lotus lilies blue;
And hour by hour the willows
Shake down the chiming dew.

I fain would take the zither,
By some stray fancy led;
But there are none to hear me,
And who can charm the dead?

So all my day-dreams follow
The bird that leaves the nest;
And in the night I gather
The lost one to my breast.

L. Cranmer-Byng.

IN SUMMER AT THE SOUTH PAVILION

Thinking of Hsing

The mountain-light suddenly fails in the west,
In the east from the lake the slow moon rises.
I loosen my hair to enjoy the evening coolness
And open my window and lie down in peace.
The wind brings me odours of lotuses,

And bamboo-leaves drip with a music of dew…
I would take up my lute and I would play.
But, alas, who here would understand?
And so I think of you, old friend,
O troubler of my midnight dreams!

Witter Bynner.

王昌龄

Wang Ch'ang-ling

闺 怨

闺中少妇不曾愁，春日凝妆上翠楼。
忽见陌头杨柳色，悔教夫婿觅封侯。

AT THE WARS

See the young wife whose bosom ne'er
has ached with cruel pain!—
In gay array she mounts the tower
when spring comes round again.
Sudden she sees the willow-trees
their newest green put on,
And sighs for her husband far away

in search of glory gone.

Herbert A. Giles.

IN THE SPRING

Within her peaceful chamber, no care the maid
    oppressed;
Until the verdant Tower she climbed one springtide,
    gaily dressed.
The stir of sprouting foliage beyond the street she saw.
Regret sh'd sent her love to fame rose swelling in her
    breast.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

IN HER QUIET WINDOW

Too young to have learned what sorrow means,
Attired for spring, she climbs to her high chamber…
The new green of the street-willows is wounding
    her heart—
Just for a title she sent him to war.

Witter Bynner.

张 籍

Chang Chi

节 妇 吟

君知妾有夫，赠妾双明珠；
感君缠绵意，系在红罗襦。
妾家高楼连苑起，良人执戟明光里。
知君用心如日月，事夫誓拟同生死。
还君明珠双泪垂，恨不相逢未嫁时。

THE CHASTE WIFE'S REPLY

Knowing, fair sir, my matrimonial thrall
Two pearls thou sentest me, costly withal.
And I, seeing that Love thy heart possessed,
I wrapped them coldly in my silken vest.

For mine is a household of high degree,
My husband captain in the King's army;
And one with wit like thine should say,
"The troth of wives is for ever and ay."

With thy two pearls I send thee back two tears:
Tears—that we did not meet in earlier years!

Herbert A. Giles.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

That I am duly married, assuredly you know,
And yet to me you send as gift twin pearls of mystic glow.
For this your kind devotion my heart must grateful be.
I hung within my red silk vest those pearls I might not show.

My dwelling is a lofty one within a stately dome.
My husband is a soldier who guards the Emperor's home.
I recognize your love as bright as shining sun or moon,
Yet swear to serve my husband, and never from him roam.

With your bright pearls I send again twin tears as crystal clear,
Regretting that we had not met ere Fortune placed me here.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

A LETTER

Pearls!
Twin pearls,
bright gems of ocean,
To me, a married woman
You have sent!

Yet you know I have a husband
In attendance, in the palace,
On the Lord of Light, the Emperor—
May he live ten thousand years!

But the thought that prompted you
I cherish
In my bosom with the jewels.
There they've lain hidden till this hour,
In the soft, enfolding silk.
I know—you need not tell me—
That your thoughts are pure as moonlight,
Or as the glowing sun at midday
Overhead.

My home lies noble on its gardens.
There the marriage oath I've taken,
And I ever shall be faithful,

Even past the gates of death.

So!—
The twin pearls are in this letter.
I send them back to you in sadness
With a sigh.

If you look closely, you'll find with them
Two other twin gems lying,
Twin tears fallen from my eyelids,
Telling of a breaking heart.

Alas, that perverse life so willed it
That we met too late, after
I had crossed my husband's threshold
On that fateful wedding day!

Henry H. Hart.

孟　郊

Mêng Ch-iao

游　子　吟

慈母手中线，游子身上衣。

临行密密缝，意恐迟迟归。
谁言寸草心，报得三春晖。

THE SONG OF THE WANDERING SON

In tender mother's hands the thread
Made clothes to garb her parting son.
Before he left, how hard she spun,
How diligently wove; in dread
Ere he return long years might run!
Such life-long mother's love how may
One simple little heart repay?

W. J. B. Fletcher.

SUNG TO THE AIR: "THE WANDERER"

Thread from the hands of a doting mother
Worked into the clothes of a far-off journeying son.
Before his departure, were the close, fine stitches set,
Lest haply his return be long delayed.
The heart—the inch-long grass—
Who will contend that either can repay
The gentle brightness of the Third Month of Spring.

Amy Lowell.

A TRAVELLER'S SONG

The thread in the hands of a fond-hearted mother
Makes clothes for the body of her wayward boy;
Carefully she sews and thoroughly she mends,
Dreading the delays that will keep him late from home.
But how much love has the inch-long grass
For three spring months of the light of the sun?

Witter Bynner.

白居易

Po Chu-yi

长 恨 歌

汉皇重色思倾国，御宇多年求不得。
杨家有女初长成，养在深闺人未识。
天生丽质难自弃，一朝选在君王侧。
回眸一笑百媚生，六宫粉黛无颜色。
春寒赐浴华清池，温泉水滑洗凝脂。
侍儿扶起娇无力，始是新承恩泽时。
云鬓花颜金步摇，芙蓉帐暖度春宵。
春宵苦短日高起，从此君王不早朝。

承欢侍宴无闲暇，春从春游夜专夜。
后宫佳丽三千人，三千宠爱在一身。
金屋妆成娇侍夜，玉楼宴罢醉和春。
姊妹弟兄皆列土，可怜光彩生门户。
遂令天下父母心，不重生男重生女。
骊宫高处入青云，仙乐风飘处处闻。
缓歌慢舞凝丝竹，尽日君王看不足。
渔阳鼙鼓动地来，惊破霓裳羽衣曲。
九重城阙烟尘生，千乘万骑西南行。
翠华摇摇行复止，西出都门百余里。
六军不发无奈何，宛转蛾眉马前死。
花钿委地无人收，翠翘金雀玉搔头。
君王掩面救不得，回看血泪相和流。
黄埃散漫风萧索，云栈萦纡登剑阁。
峨嵋山下少人行，旌旗无光日色薄。
蜀江水碧蜀山青，圣主朝朝暮暮情。
行宫见月伤心色，夜雨闻铃肠断声。
天旋地转回龙驭，到此踌躇不能去。
马嵬坡下泥土中，不见玉颜空死处。
君臣相顾尽沾衣，东望都门信马归。
归来池苑皆依旧，太液芙蓉未央柳。
芙蓉如面柳如眉，对此如何不泪垂。
春风桃李花开日，秋雨梧桐叶落时。
西宫南内多秋草，落叶满阶红不扫。
梨园弟子白发新，椒房阿监青娥老。
夕殿萤飞思悄然，孤灯挑尽未成眠。
迟迟钟鼓初长夜，耿耿星河欲曙天。

鸳鸯瓦冷霜华重，悲翠衾寒谁与共。
悠悠生死别经年，魂魄不曾来入梦。
临邛道士鸿都客，能以精诚致魂魄。
为感君王展转思，遂教方士殷勤觅。
排空驭气奔如电，升天入地求之遍。
上穷碧落下黄泉，两处茫茫皆不见。
忽闻海上有仙山，山在虚无缥缈间。
楼阁玲珑五云起，其中绰约多仙子。
中有一人字太真，雪肤花貌参差是。
金阙西厢叩玉扃，转教小玉报双成。
闻道汉家天子使，九华帐里梦魂惊。
揽衣推枕起徘徊，珠箔银屏逦迤开。
云鬓半偏新睡觉，花冠不整下堂来。
风吹仙袂飘飘举，犹似霓裳羽衣舞。
玉容寂寞泪阑干，梨花一枝春带雨。
含情凝睇谢君王，一别音容两渺茫。
昭阳殿里恩爱绝，蓬莱宫中日月长。
回头下望人寰处，不见长安见尘雾。
唯将旧物表深情，钿合金钗寄将去。
钗留一股合一扇，钗擘黄金合分钿。
但教心似金钿坚，天上人间会相见。
临别殷勤重寄词，词中有誓两心知。
七月七日长生殿，夜半无人私语时。
在天愿作比翼鸟，在地愿为连理枝。
天长地久有时尽，此恨绵绵无绝期。

THE EVERLASTING WRONG

Ennui—

His Imperial Majesty, a slave to beauty,
  longed for a "subverter of empires;"
For years he had sought in vain
  to secure such a treasure for his palace…

Beauty—

From the Yang family came a maiden,
  just grown up to womanhood,
Reared in the inner apartments,
  altogether unknown to fame.
But nature had amply endowed her
  with a beauty hard to conceal,
And one day she was summoned
  to a place at the monarch's side.
Her sparkling eye and merry laughter
  fascinated every beholder,
And among the powder and paint of the harem
  her loveliness reigned supreme.
In the chills of spring, by Imperial mandate,
  she bathed in the Hua-ch'ing Pool,
Laving her body in the glassy wavelets
  of the fountain perennially warm.

Then, when she came forth, helped by attendants,
her delicate and graceful movements
Finally gained for her gracious favour,
captivating his Majesty's heart.

Revelry—

Hair like a cloud, face like a flower,
headress which quivered as she walked,
Amid the delights of the Hibicus Pavilion
she passed the soft spring nights.
Spring nights, too short alas! for them,
albeit prolonged till dawn,—
From this time forth no more audiences
in the hours of early morn.
Revels and feasts in quick succession,
ever without a break,
She chosen always for the spring excursion,
chosen for the nightly carouse.
Three thousand peerless beauties adorned
the apartments of the monarch's harem,
Yet always his Majesty reserved
his attentions for her alone.
Passing her life in a "golden house,"
with fair girls to wait on her,
She was daily wafted to ecstasy
on the wine fumes of the banquet-hall.
Her sisters and her brothers, one and all,

were raised to the rank of nobles.

Alas! for the ill-omened glories

which she conferred on her family.

For thus it came about that fathers and mothers

through the length and breadth of the empire

Rejoiced no longer over the birth of sons,

but over the birth of daughters.

In the gorgeous palace

piercing the grey clouds above,

Divine music, borne on the breeze,

is spread around on all sides;

Of song and the dance

to the guitar and flute,

All through the live long day,

his majesty never tires.

But suddenly comes the roll

of the fish-skin war-drums,

Breaking rudely upon the air

of the "Rainbow Shirt and Feather Jacket".

Flight—

Clouds of dust envelop

the lofty gates of the capital.

A thousand war-chariots and ten thousand horses

move towards the south-west.

Feathers and jewels among the throng,

onwards and then a halt.

A hundred *li* beyond the western gate,
leaving behind them the city walls,
The soldiers refuse to advance;
nothing remains to be done
Until she of the moth-eyebrows
perishes in sight of all.
On the ground lie gold ornaments
with no one to pick them up,
Kingfisher wings, golden birds,
and hairpins of costly jade.
The monarch covers his face,
powerless to save;
And as he turns to look back,
tears and blood flow mingled together.

Exile—

Across vast stretches of yellow sand
with whistling winds,
Across cloud-capped mountain-tops
they make their way.
Few indeed are the travellers
who reach the heights of Mount Omi;
The bright gleam of the standards
grows fainter day by day.
Dark the Ssuch'uan waters,
dark the Ssuch'uan hills;
Daily and nightly his Majesty

is consumed by bitter grief.
Travelling along, the very brightness
of the moon saddens his heart,
And the sound of a bell through the evening rain
severs his viscera in twain.

Return—

Time passes, days go by, and once again
he is there at the well-known spot,
And there he lingers on, unable
to tear himself wholly away.
But from the clods of earth
at the foot of the Ma-wei hill,
No sign of her lovely face appears,
only the place of death.
The eyes of sovereign and minister meet,
and robes are wet with tears,
Eastward they depart and hurry on
to the capital at full speed.

Home—

There is the pool and there are the flowers,
as of old.
There is the hibiscus of the pavilion,
there are the willows of the palace.
In the hibiscus he sees her face,
in the willow he sees her eyebrows:

How in the presence of these
　　should tears not flow,—
In spring amid the flowers
　　Of the peach and plum
In autumn rains when the leaves
　　of the *wu t'ung* fall?
To the south of the western palace
　　are many trees,
And when their leaves cover the steps,
　　no one now sweeps them away.
The hair of the Pear-Garden musicians
　　is white as though with age;
The guardians of the Pepper Chamber
　　seem to him no longer young.
Where fireflies flit through the hall,
　　he sits in silent grief;
Alone, the lamp-wick burnt out,
　　he is still unable to sleep.
Slowly pass the watches,
　　for the nights are now too long;
And brightly shine the constellations,
　　as though dawn would never come.
Cold settles upon the duck-and-drake tiles,
　　and thick hoar-frost,
The kingfisher coverlet is chill,
　　with none to share its warmth.
Parted by life and death,

time still goes on,
But never once does her spirit come back
to visit him in dreams.

Spirit-Land,—

A taoist priest of Lin-ch'ung,
of the Hung-tu school,
Was able, by his perfect art, to summon
the spirits of the dead.
Anxious to relieve the fretting mind
of his sovereign,
This magician receives orders
to urge a diligent quest.
Borne on the clouds, charioted upon ether,
he rushes with the speed of lightning
High up to heaven, low down to earth,
seeking everywhere.
Above, he searches the empyrean;
below, the Yellow Springs,
But nowhere in these vast areas
can her place be found.
At length he hears of an Isle of the Blest
away in mid-ocean,
Lying in realms of vacuity,
dimly to be descried.
There gaily decorated buildings.
rise up like rainbow clouds,

And there many gentle and beautiful Immortals
pass their days in peace.
Among them is one whose name
sounds upon lips as Eternal,
And by her snow-white skin and flower-like face
he knows that this is she.
Knocking at the jade door
at the western gate of the golden palace,
He bids a fair waiting-maid announce him
to her mistress, fairer still.
She, hearing of this embassy
sent by the Son of Heaven,
Starts up from her dreams
among the tapestry curtains.
Grasping her clothes and pushing away the pillow,
she arises in haste,
And begins to adorn herself
with pearls and jewels.
Her cloud-like coiffure, dishevelled,
shows that she has just risen from sleep,
And with her flowery head-dress away,
she passes into the hall.
The sleeves of her immortal robes
are filled out by the breeze.
As once more she seems to dance
to the "Rainbow Shirt and Feather Jacket".
Her features are fixed and calm,

though myriad tears fall,

Wetting a spray of pear-bloom,

as it were with the raindrops of spring.

Subduing her emotions, restraining her grief,

she tenders thanks to his Majesty,

Saying how since they parted

she has missed his form and voice;

And how, although their love on earth

has so soon come to an end,

The days and months among the Blest

are still of long duration.

And now she turns and gazes

towards the abode of mortals,

But cannot discern the Imperial city

lost in the dust and haze.

Then she takes out the old keepsakes,

tokens of undying love,

A gold hairpin, an enamel brooch,

and bids the magician carry these back.

One half of the hairpin she keeps,

and one half of the enamel brooch,

Breaking with her hands the yellow gold,

and dividing the enamel in two.

"Tell him," she said, "to be firm of heart,

as this gold and enamel,

And then in heaven or on earth below

we two may meet once more."

At parting, she confided to the magician
many earnest messages of love,
Among the rest recalling a pledge
mutually understood:
How on the seventh day of the seventh moon,
in the Hall of Immortality,
At midnight, when none were near,
he had whispered in her ear,
"I swear that we will ever fly
like the one-winged birds,
Or grow united like the tree
with branches which twine together."
Heaven and Earth, long-lasting as they are,
will some day pass away;
But this great wrong shall stretch out for ever,
endless, for ever and ay.

Herbert. A. Giles

THE BALLAD OF ENDLESS WOE

The Lord of Han loved beauty;
In love's desire he pined.
For years within his palace
Such love he could not find.

A maiden in the house of Yang
To wedlock's age had grown.

Brought up within the harem,
　　And to the world unknown.

A lovely form of Heaven's mould
　　Is never cast aside.
And so this maid was chosen
　　To be a Prince's bride.

If she but turned her smiling,
　　A hundred loves were born.
There are no arts, no graces,
　　But by her looked forlorn.

'Twas in the chilly Springtime,
　　They bathed in Hua-ch'ing Lake;
And in the tepid waters
　　The crusted winter slake.

When thence attendants bore her,
　　So helpless and so fair;
Then first beat in her Prince's breast
　　Desire and tender care.

With cloud-like hair and flower-like face
　　Her tinkling footsteps ring.
How warm in her pure curtains
　　To pass a night of Spring!

The nights of Spring are short, alas!
Too soon the sunlit dawn!
From then no longer held the Prince
His Court at early morn.

But steeped in love, at banquet's side,
No other business knew.
One Spring behind another came.
One night the next renew.

Although within his palace
Three thousand beauties dwelt,
His love for these three thousand
Did on one bosom melt.

When dressed, in secret chamber
Her beauty served the night.
In gilded hall, the banquet done,
The wine brought love's delight.

Her brothers and her sisters
Were ranked on steps of fame.
And all her humble cottage
Was lit with honour's flame.

Until throughout the Empire
All parents hailed with joy

The birth of some fair maiden;
　　And wanted not a boy.

The lofty palace balconies
　　Amid blue clouds abide,
Their fairy storm of sweet delights
　　Goes echoing far and wide.

'Twas wanton song, lascivious dance,
　　And stringed music's fire.
The whole day long the Emperor gazed,
　　And never seemed to tire.

When like an earthquake came the boom
　　Of drums and war's alarms,
To shatter that sweet rainbow song
　　Of Beauty in Love's arms.

The clouds of dust rolled gloomily
　　About the palace doors,
As chariots, troops of horsemen,
　　Went westward to the wars.

That lady fait would go with him,
　　And then she stayed again.
At last she came for forty miles;
　　And lodged her on the plain.

Alas! the armies will not start.
 No hope is there at all,
Till those persuasive eyebrows
 Before the chargers fall.

Her ornaments the earth receives;
 Neglected there they lie.
Her feathers, golden hair clasp,
 And pins her blood-stains dye.

Her Lord now cannot rescue.
 His mantle hides his face.
With that last look the tears of blood
 In trickling sorrow race.

The yellow dust is scattered wide,
 And desolate the wind,
As up a spiral bridge of cloud
 She leaves the earth behind.

Below great Omi Mountain
 But rarely people go:
And dimly falls the sunlight;
 And dull the banners flow.

Are green the streams of Szechwan;
 And verdant Szechwan's hills

Yet morn by morn and night by night
What grief his bosom fills!

When from his tent the Moon he sees,
His breast is charged with woe.
The rain of night, the watches' bell,
Like torments through him go.

But loud rebelion's din resounds.
He to his chariot fares.
With steps unequal came he there;
And halting thence repairs,

Beneath the slope of Ma-wei,
And hidden in the soil,
He cannot see that lovely face
That death has made its spoil.

The prince gazed on his ministers.
Their tears together flow.
They eastward saw the city;
And turned their steeds to go.

Her lake, her garden still were there;
Unchanged were they all:
The lotus in the T'ai-yeh Lake,
The willow by the hall.

The lotus seemed her face to be.
Her brows the willows seem.
The sight of them made gush again
His tears in bitter stream.

When plum and peach the spring renewed,
And blossoms opened well;
When wu-t'ung leaves in autumn rain
Before the breezes fell,

Within the courts unheeded grew
And rank the autumn grass;
And all the steps were red with leaves,
Ne'er swept for him to pass.

The tresses of her comrades
Were newly streaked with grey.
The eunuchs of her palace
And women pined away.

The firefly flitting the room
Her spirit seemed to be;
The whole wick of his lamp he trimmed,
Yet sleep his eyes would flee.

How slowly through the dreary night.
The bell the watches tolled.

How sleepless blinked the Milky way,
    Ere dawn the light unrolled!

When chill the roof where true love dwelt,
    How thick the frost flakes form!
When cold the halcyon's coverlet,
    Who then can make it warm?

In dreary gloom his life wore on;
    And years have passed, I deem;
But never yet her spirit came
    To soothe him in a dream.

By chance there came a wandering priest,
    Was steeped in magic lore,
And skilled to call the spirit home
    That dwelt on Pluto's shore.

In pity for the Prince's grief,
    That never let him rest,
He, Fang-Shih, sent to seek her,
    And bade him do his best.

The driving power of air he fixed,
    Like lightning thence he flew.
The highest heaven, the lowest earth
    He searched through and through.

Above he searched the azure vault,
The yellow Styx below;
Both stretched in gloomy emptiness,
Nor traces of her show.

And then he learnt that on the sea
There was a fairy hill.
It stood upon the void obscure,
That glamour covers still.

Fair, glinting, high its turrets rose,
And spanned with rainbow hair;
Where many fairies stood about,
So modestly and fair.

And one among them, T'ai-chên called,
Than all the rest more are,
So white her skin, so sweet her face,
None could with her compare.

He knocked him on the fairy door,
The palace western hall;
And bade the young attendants
That lady fair to call.

And when she heard that tidings
From Han Huang waited by,

From out the silken curtains
　　Her dream did swiftly fly.

She thrust aside the pillow;
　　Her garments hurried on;
And through the rich-set doorway
　　Her wav'ring steps have gone.

Her cloud-like hair hung all awry,
　　So fresh from sleep the dame.
With coronal all slanted,
　　Into the hall she came.

Her fairy sleeves the wind blew up,
　　They floated on the air.
Like rainbows seemed her raiment,
　　Like wings her garment fair.

Her lovely face looked wist and sad
　　And tears were in her eyes.
She seemed a sweet plum blossom
　　Where spring rain pearling lies.

Her heart she stilled; her glances veiled;
　　And thanked her Emperor's care.
"My voice," she said, "since parting.
　　My face my sorrows wear.

"In Chao-yang Court my love remains.
It knows no other sway.
Through palaces of Fairyland
But slowly drags the day.

"When I would turn my head to view
The world of men below,
I never can see Chang-an;
So thick the mist wreaths flow.

"But take the former things I had,
To show my love how true.
This ornament and golden pin
To take him, give I you.

"One half this golden pin I keep
Now broken in my grasp.
The other half to him I send,
With half this golden clasp.

"And tell him that my heart is fixed,
As true as is the gold.
In heaven mortals meet again.
I wait him purely bold."

The messenger was going thence.
He asked one word again.

"There is one thing," she said to him,
  "Known only to us twain.

"The seventh moon, the seventh day
  We stood in Chang-sheng Hall.
'Twas night, and none beside us;
  We two were all in all.

"We swore that in the heaven above
  We never would dispart:
One tomb on earth enclose of us
  The frail and mortal part."

The heaven is vast; and earth is old;
  And Time will wear away.
But this their endless sorrow
  Shall never know decay.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

A SONG OF UNENDING SORROW

China's Emperor, craving beauty that might shake an
  empire,
Was on the throne for many years, searching, never
  finding,
Till a little child of the Yang clan, hardly even grown,
Bred in an inner chamber, with no one knowing her,

But with graces granted by heaven and not to be
concealed,
At last one day was chosen for the imperial household.
If she but turned her head and smiled, there were cast
a hundred spells.
And the powder and paint of the Six Palaces faded into
nothing.
…It was early spring. They bathed her in the Flower-
Pure Pool,
Which warmed and smoothed the creamy-tinted
crystal of her skin,
And, because of her languor, a maid was lifting her
When first the Emperor noticed her and chose her for
his bride.
The cloud of her hair, petal of her cheek, gold ripples
of her crown when she moved,
Were sheltered on spring evenings by warm hibiscus -
curtains;
But nights of spring were short and the sun arose too
soon,
And the Emperor, from that time forth forsook his early
hearings
And lavished all his time on her with feasts and revelry.
His mistress of the spring, his despot of the night.
There were other ladies in his court, three thousand of
rare beauty,
But his favours to three thousand were concentered in

one body.

By the time she was dressed in her Golden Chamber, it would be almost evening;

And when tables were cleared in the Tower of Jade, she would loiter, slow with wine.

Her sisters and her brothers all were given titles;

And, because she so illumined and glorified her clan,

She brought to every father, every mother through the empire,

Happiness when a girl was born rather than a boy.

…High rose Li Palace, entering blue clouds,

And far and wide the breezes carried magical notes

Of soft song and slow dance, of string and bamboo music.

The Emperor's eyes could never gaze on her enough—

Till war-drums, booming, from Yü-Yang, shocked the whole earth

And broke the tunes of *The Rainbow Skirt and the Feathered Coat*.

The Forbidden City, the nine-tiered palace, loomed in the dust

From thousands of horses and chariots headed southwest.

The imperial flag opened the way, now moving and now pausing—

But thirty miles from the capital, beyond the western

gate,

The men of the army stopped, not one of them would stir

Till under their horses' hoofs they might trample those moth-eye-brows…

Flowery hairpins fell to the ground, no one picked them up,

And a green and white jade hair-tassel and a yellow-gold hair-bird.

The Emperor could not save her, he could only cover his face.

And later when he turned to look, the place of blood and tears

Was hidden in a yellow dust blown by a cold wind.

…At the cleft of the Dagger-Tower Trail they criss-crossed through a cloud-line

Under O-mei Mountain. The last few came.

Flags and banners lost their colour in the fading sunlight…

But as waters of Shu are always green and its mountains always blue.

So changeless was His Majesty's love and deeper than the days.

He stared at the desolate moon from his temporary palace.

He heard bell-notes in the evening rain, cutting at his breast.

And when heaven and earth resumed their round and

the dragon-car faced home,
The Emperor clung to the spot and would not turn
away
From the soil along the Ma-wei slope, under which
was buried
That memory, that anguish. Where was her jade-white
face?
Ruler and lords, when eyes would meet, wept upon
their coats
As they rode, with loose rein, slowly eastward, back to
the capital.
…The pools, the gardens, the palace, all were just as
before,
The Lake T'ai-yi hibiscus, the Wei-yang palace
willows;
But a petal was like her face and a willow-leaf her
eyebrow—
And what could he do but cry whenever he looked at
them?
…Peach-trees and plum-trees blossomed, in the
winds of spring;
Lakka-foliage fell to the ground, after autumn rains;
The Western and Southern Palaces were littered with
late grasses,
And the steps were mounded with red leaves that no
one swept away.
Her Pear-Garden Players became white-haired

And the eunuchs thin-eyebrowed in her Court of
Pepper-Trees;
Over the throne flew fire-flies, while he brooded in
the twilight.
He would lengthen the lamp-wick to its end and still
would never sleep.
Bell and drum would slowly toll the dragging night-
hours
And the River of Stars grow sharp in the sky, just
before dawn,
And the porcelain mandarin-ducks on the roof grow
thick with morning frost
And his covers of kingfisher-blue feel lonelier and
colder
With the distance between life and death year after
year;
And yet no beloved spirit ever visited his dreams.
…At Ling-ch'ün lived a Taoist priest who was a
guest of heaven,
Able to summon spirits by his concentrated mind.
And people were so moved by the Emperor's constant
brooding
That they besought the Taoist priest to see if he could
find her.
He opened his way in space and clove the ether like
lightning,
Up to heaven, under the earth, looking everywhere.

Above, he searched the Green Void, below, the Yellow
Spring;
But he failed, in either place, to find the one he looked
for.
And then he heard accounts of an enchanted isle at
sea,
A part of the intangible and incorporeal world,
With pavilions and fine towers in the five-coloured air,
And of exquisite immortals moving to and fro,
And of one among them—whom they called The Ever
True—
With a face of snow and flowers resembling hers he
sought.
So he went to the west Hall's gate of gold and knocked
at the jasper door
And asked a girl, called Morsel-of-Jade, to tell The
Doubly-Perfect
And the lady, at news of an envoy from the Emperor of
China,
Was startled out of dreams in her nine-flowered
canopy.
She pushed aside her pillow, dressed, shook away
sleep,
And opened the pearly shade and then the silver
screen.
Her cloudy hair-dress hong on one side because of
her great haste,

And her flower-cap was loose when she came along
the terrace,
While a light wind filled her cloak and fluttered with
her motion
As though she danced *the Rainbow Skirt and the
Feathered Coat*.
And the tear-drops drifting down her sad white face
Were like a rain in spring on the blossom of the pear.
But love glowed deep within her eyes when she bade
him thank her liege,
Whose form and voice had been strange to her ever
since their parting—
Since happiness bad ended at the Court of the Bright
Sun,
And moons and dawns bad become long in
Fairy-Mountain Palace.
But when she turned her face and looked down toward
the earth
And tried to see the capital, there were only fog and
dust.
So she took out, with emotion, the pledges he had given
And, through his envoy, sent him back a shell box and
gold hairpin,
But kept one branch of the hairpin and one side of the
box,
Breaking the gold of the hairpin, breaking the shell of
the box;

"Our souls belong together." she said, "like this gold
and this shell—
Somewhere, sometime, on earth or in heaven, we shall
surely meet."
And she sent him, by his messenger, a sentence
reminding him
Of vows which had been known only to their two
hearts:
"On the seventh day of the Seventh-month, in the
Palace of Long Life,
We told each other secretly in the quiet midnight world
That we wished to fly in heaven, two birds with the
wings of one,
And to grow together on the earth, two branches of one
tree."
…Earth endures, heaven endures; some time both
shall end,
While this unending sorrow goes on and on for ever.

Witter Bynner.

琵　琶　行

浔阳江头夜送客，枫叶荻花秋瑟瑟。
主人下马客在船，举酒欲饮无管弦。
醉不成欢惨将别，别时茫茫江浸月。
忽闻水上琵琶声，主人忘归客不发。
寻声暗问弹者谁，琵琶声停欲语迟。

移船相近邀相见，添酒回灯重开宴。
千呼万唤始出来，犹抱琵琶半遮面。
转轴拨弦三两声，未成曲调先有情。
弦弦掩抑声声思，似诉平生不得志。
低眉信手续续弹，说尽心中无限事。
轻拢慢捻抹复挑，初为霓裳后六幺。
大弦嘈嘈如急雨，小弦切切如私语。
嘈嘈切切错杂弹，大珠小珠落玉盘。
间关莺语花底滑，幽咽泉流冰下难。
冰泉冷涩弦凝绝，凝绝不通声渐歇。
别有幽愁暗恨生，此时无声胜有声。
银瓶乍破水浆迸，铁骑突出刀枪鸣。
曲终收拨当心画，四弦一声如裂帛。
东船西舫悄无言，惟见江心秋月白。
沉吟放拨插弦中，整顿衣裳起敛容。
自言本是京城女，家在虾蟆陵下住。
十三学得琵琶成，名属教坊第一部。
曲罢曾教善才伏，妆成每被秋娘妒。
五陵年少争缠头，一曲红绡不知数。
钿头云篦击节碎，血色罗裙翻酒污。
今年欢笑复明年，秋月春风等闲度。
弟走从军阿姨死，暮去朝来颜色故。
门前冷落车马稀，老大嫁作商人妇。
商人重利轻别离，前月浮梁买茶去。
去来江口守空船，绕船月明江水寒。
夜深忽梦少年事，梦啼妆泪红阑干。
我闻琵琶已叹息，又闻此语重唧唧。

同是天涯沦落人，相逢何必曾相识！
我从去年辞帝京，谪居卧病浔阳城。
浔阳地僻无音乐，终岁不闻丝竹声。
住近湓江地低湿，黄芦苦竹绕宅生。
其间旦暮闻何物，杜鹃啼血猿哀鸣。
春江花朝秋月夜，往往取酒还独倾。
岂无山歌与村笛，呕哑嘲哳难为听。
今夜闻君琵琶语，如听仙乐耳暂明。
莫辞更坐弹一曲，为君翻作琵琶行。
感我此言良久立，却坐促弦弦转急。
凄凄不似向前声，满座重闻皆掩泣。
座中泣下谁最多？江州司马青衫湿。

THE LUTE

When darkness on the river fell
Beneath the grove we said farewell,
Where maple leaves o'erhead glowed fair
Like blossoms in the autumn air.
The Host had from the saddle leapt,
The Guest on board his craft had stept;
The wine-cup passed, but ne'er a strain
From reed or string relieved the pain;
The parting cup no power possest
Of severed friends to cheer the breast;
And as we sadly drink the wine
The moon-beams in the cold wave shine.

But hark! a lute's sweet melody
Over the stream sweeps suddenly;
The Host seeks not his home again,
The Guest stands spell-bound by the strain.
Anon we hailed the moonlit tide,
But no responsive voice replied;
Nor might we learn whence flowed the stave,
For silence fell upon the wave.
And then the stranger's boat drew nigh,
And we our invitations ply:
The cups with wine replenishing,
And bidding them fresh tapers bring.
Again we urge, and yet again.
And yet for long we urged in vain:
Emerged the minstrel then, grown mute,
Hiding her face behind a lute.

Anon her circling arm she swings
And lightly sweeps the prelude strings:
E'en ere the tune was full expressed
Emotion thrilled within her breast.
And then a passionate refrain
From stricken chords burst forth amain,
Seeming to tell of wishes chilled,
And life with disappointment filled.
With glancing finger, head bent low,
In tuneful aud unbroken flow

Eager she poured her inmost soul,
Nor sought her feelings to control.
Softly she now her plectrum plies.
Now to and fro it reckless flies;
Nor constant to one air she stayed,
But varied as her fancy swayed.
The great strings with a crash resound,
As when the rain-storm strikes the ground;
The small strings whisper manifold,
Like secret confidences told;
And then the vibrant chords outfling
A mingled crash and whispering,
Like shower of pearls, some large some small,
That on a jade-dish pattering fall.
Now like the oriole's liquid notes
From 'neath the flowers, the cadence floats:
And now with gentle murmuring
It babbles like a running spring.
Then as beneath an icy hand
The stream's congealed waters stand,
The melody's retarded rill
Brought gently to a halt stood still.
For secretly within her breast
Surged grief and hatred unexpressed,
Too deep for sound.
A moment's rest,
Then as the water hurled afar

When shattered is the silver jar;
Or as the clash of sword and spear
Upon the mail-clad cavalier;
So at the end of the refrain
Sudden the plectrum fell again;
Crashed all four strings with one acclaim
Like rending silk. Then silence came.

On either hand no word or sound
Awhile broke through the hush profound;
Only embosomed in the stream
We marked the autumn moon's white gleam.
The lute-girl with a sigh replaced
Her plectrum 'neath the chords to rest;
Smoothed out her robe, composed her mien.
And thus told what her lot had been:—

"Near the chief city of our State
My father's home was situate,
And there beneath the Ha-ma slope
I spent my earliest years of hope.
At thirteen summers I hegan
To learn the lute's four chords to span,
And soon where many talents shine
Among the foremost names was mine;
And when my notes the chamber fill
The Master always praised my skill.

My beauty soon drew on me there
The envy of deserted fair;
And all the gallants far and wide
To win my favour eager vied.
A single song brought rich reward
Of bright red silk, and on the board
Rapped out applause, and bodkins rare,
And silver combs from ladies' hair,
Were shattered by their owners fair,
By my sweet music wrought upon;
And stained was many a blood-red gown
In wine from skipping cups spilt down.
So year by year in ceaseless round
Laughter and gaiety abound;
Spring zephyrs kissed a careless maid,
And autumn moons shone on her head.

"But changes came. My brother left
For the wars: my mother died: bereft
Of these dear ones, my beauty's flower
Faded alack! each passing hour.
No more before my portals drear
Jostled the car and cavalier;
My day was past, my youth was fled,
So to a merchant I was wed,
Who much esteems his gains, and less
The one left in her loneliness.

To purchase tea he needs must go,
And sailed away a month ago,
So I must in an empty boat
Lone on the river idly float,
Encircled by the moon's bright gleam,
And by the cold and darkling stream.
And when I sleep, at dead of night
Sad dreams bring bygone days to sight;
And in the morn my eyes are red
With bitter tears in slumber shed."

When first I heard the lute, my heart
Was pierced by sympathy's quick dart;
But when I heard this tale, the pain
In frequent sighs broke out again.
"Companions in adversity
In this wild spot," I cried, "are we;
And those thus met, what need have they
Convention's canons to obey
Ere they hold intercourse of speech,
Though erstwhile each unknown to each?
The capital I left last year
And in malaise have sojourned here,
Disfavoured by the powers that be,
Prostrated by a malady.
Where music sweet, to this vile spot
A total stranger, cometh not,

I've never heard the whole year through
The sound of strings or pierced bamboo.
In damp and pestilential ground
Where watery wastes the city bound,
With stunted bamboo, sedges sere,
Surrounded is my lodging drear.
And what the sounds my ears assail
At dawn and eve? The doleful wail
Of gibbons, and the hideous cry
Of nightjars vexing constantly.

Spring days had flower-strewn banks, I own,
　　On autumn nights the moon shone fair;
Of what avail, when all alone
　　I had to drain the wine jars there?
I had forsooth the hill-man's song.
And village pipes played loud and long;
But oh! the discord and the din
That irked the ear they entered in!
But when the notes of your guitar
To-night came stealing from afar,
Methought I listened to the lays
Immortal genii wont to raise.
Nay go not yet; thy stay prolong;
Sit down, and play me one more song,
While I compose—meet attribute—
An ode in honour of thy lute.

Long had she stood, and thanking me
For these kind words the lute - girl sate,
And made again harmoniously
The chords beneath her hand vibrate;
But mournful now, and all subdued
The air, to suit her altered mood.
Each motionless drank in again
The sweetness of the minstrel's strain,
And secret wept. I most of all
The sympathetic tear let fall,
With moisture from my eyes dropt down
Drenching the bosom of my gown.

C. Gaunt.

THE LUTE GIRL

By night, beside the river, underneath
The flower-like maple leaves that bloom alone
In autumn's silent revels of decay,
We said farewell. The host, dismounting, sped
The parting guest whose boat rocked under him,
And when the circling stirrup-cup went round,
No light guitar, no lute, was heard again;
But on the heart aglow with wine there fell
Beneath the cold bright moon the cold adieu
Of fading friends—when suddenly beyond

The cradled waters stole the lullaby
Of some faint lute; then host forgot to go,
Guest lingered on: all, wondering at the spell,
Besought the dim enchantress to reveal
Her presence; but the music died and gave
No answer, dying. Then a boat shot forth
To bring the shy musician to the shore.
Cups were refilled and lanterns trimmed again,
And so the festival went on. At last,
Slow yielding to their prayers, the stranger came,
Hiding her burning face behind her lute;
And twice her hand essayed the strings, and twice
She faltered in her task; then tenderly.
As for an old sad tale of hopeless years,
With drooping head and fingers deft she poured
Her soul forth into melodies. Now slow
The plectrum led to prayer the cloistered chords,
Now loudly with the crash of falling rain,
Now soft as the leaf whispering of words,
Now loud and soft together as the long
Patter of pearls and seed-pearls on a dish
Of marble; liquid now as from the bush
Warbles the mango bird; meandering
Now as the streamlet seawards; voiceless now
As the wild torrent in the strangling arms
Of her ice-lover, lying motionless,
Lulled in a passion far too deep for sound.

Then as the water from the broken vase
Gushes, or on the mailed horseman falls
The anvil din of steel, as on the silk
The slash of rending, so upon the strings
Her plectrum fell…

Then silence over us.

No sound broke the charmed air. The autumn moon
Swam silver o'er the tide, as with a sigh
The stranger stirred to go.

"I passed," said she,

"My childhood in the capital; my home
Was near the hills. A girl of twelve, I learnt
The magic of the lute, the passionate
Blending of lute and voice that drew the souls
Of the great masters to acknowledgment;
And lovely women, envious of my face,
Bowed at the shrine in secret. The young lords
Vied for a look's approval. One brief song
Brought many costly bales. Gold ornaments
And silver pins were smashed and trodden down.
And blood-red silken skirts were stained with wine
In oft-times echoing applause. And so
I laughed my life away from year to year
While the spring breezes and the autumn moon
Caressed my careless head. Then on a day
My brother sought the battles in Kansuh;
My mother died: nights passed and mornings came,

And with them waned my beauty. Now no more
My door were thronged; few were the cavaliers
That lingered by my side; so I became
A trader's wife, the chattel of a slave
Whose lord was gold, who, parting, little recked
Of separation and the unhonoured bride.
Since the tenth moon was full my husband went
To where the tea-fields ripen. I remained,
To wander in my little lonely boat
Over the cold bright wave o'nights, and dream
Of the dead days, the haze of happy days,
And see them set again dreams and tears."

Already the sweet sorrows of her lute
Had moved my soul to pity; now these words
Pierced my heart. "O lady fair," I cried,
"We are the vagrants of the world, and need
No ceremony to be friends. Last year
I left the Imperial City, banished far
To this plague-stricken spot, where desolation
Broods on from year to heavy year, nor lute
Nor love's guitar is heard. By marshy bank
Girt with tall yellow reeds and dwarf bamboos
I dwell. Night long and day no stir, no sound,
Only the lurking cuckoo's blood stained note,
The gibbon's mournful wail. Hill songs I have,
And village pipes with their discordant twang.

But now I listen to thy lute methinks
The gods were parents to thy music. Sit
And sing to us again, while I engrave
Thy story on my tablets!" Gratefully
(For long she had been standing) the lute girl
Sat down and passed into another song,
Sad and so soft, a dream, unlike the song
Of now ago. Then all her hearers wept
In sorrow unrestrained; and I the more,
Weeping until the pale chrysanthemums
Upon my darkened robe were starred with dew.

L. Cranmer-Byng.

THE SONG OF A GUITAR

I was bidding a guest farewell, at night on the
Hsun-yang River,
Where maple-leaves and full-grown rushes rustled in
the autumn.
I, the host, had dismounted, my guest had boarded his
boat,
And we raised our cups and wished to drink—but,
alas, there was no music.
For all we had drunk we felt no joy and were parting
from each other,
When the river widened mysteriously toward the full
moon—

We had heard a sudden sound, a guitar across the water.
Host forgot to turn back home, and guest to go his way.
We followed where the melody led and asked the
player's name.
The sound broke off…then reluctantly she
answered.
We moved our boat near hers, invited her to join us,
Summoned more wine and lanterns to recommence our
banquet.
Yet we called and urged a thousand times before she
started toward us,
Still hiding half her face from us behind her guitar.
…She turned the tuning-pegs and tested several strings;
We could feel what she was feeling, even before she
played:
Each string a meditation, each note a deep thought,
As if she were telling us the ache of her whole life.
She knit her brows, flexed her fingers, then began her
music,
Little by little letting her heart share everything with
ours.
She brushed the strings, twisted them slow, swept
them, plucked them—
First the air of *The Rainbow Skirt*, then *The Six Little
Ones*.
The large strings hummed like rain,
The small strings whispered like a secret,

Hummed, whispered—and then were intermingled
Like a pouring of large and small pearls into a plate of
jade.
We heard an oriole, liquid, hidden among flowers.
We heard a brook bitterly sob along a bank of
sand…
By the checking of its cold touch, the very string
seemed broken
As though it could not pass; and the notes, dying away
Into a depth of sorrow and concealment of lament,
Told even more in silence than they had told in
sound…
A silver vase abruptly broke with a gush of water,
And out leapt armoured horses and weapons that
clashed and smote—
And, before she laid her pick down, she ended with one
stroke,
And all four strings made one sound, as of rending
silk…
There was quiet in the east boat and quiet in the west,
And we saw the white autumnal moon enter the river's
heart.
…When she had slowly placed the pick back
among the strings,
She rose and smoothed her clothing and, formal,
courteous,
Told us how she had spent her girlhood at the capital,

Living in her parents' house under the Mount of
Toads,
And had mastered the guitar at the age of thirteen,
With her name recorded first in the class-roll of
musicians,
Her art the admiration even of experts,
Her beauty the envy of all the leading dancers,
How noble youths of Wu-ling had lavishly competed
And numberless red rolls of silk been given for one
song,
And silver combs with shell inlay been snapped by her
rhythms,
And skirts the colour of blood been spoiled with stains
of wine…
Season after season, joy had followed joy,
Autumn moons and spring winds had passed without
her heeding,
Till first her brother left for the war, and then her aunt
died,
And evenings went and evenings came, and her beauty
faded—
With ever fewer chariots and horses at her door;
So that finally she gave herself as wife to a merchant
Who, prizing money first, careless how he left her,
Had gone, a month before, to Fou-liang to buy tea.
And she had been tending an empty boat at the river's
mouth,

No company but the bright moon and the cold water.
And sometimes in the deep of night she would dream
of her triumphs
And be wakened from her dreams by the scalding of
her tears.
…Her very first guitar-note had started me sighing;
Now, having heard her story, I was sadder still.
"We are both unhappy—to the sky's and.
We meet. We understand. What does acquaintance
matter?
I came, a year ago, away from the capital
And am now a sick exile here in Kiu-kiang—
And so remote is Kiu-kiang that I have heard no music,
Neither string nor bamboo, for a whole year.
My quarters, near the River Town, are low and damp,
With bitter reeds and yellowed rushes all about the
house.
And what is to be heard here, morning and evening?—
The bleeding cry of cuckoos, the whimpering of apes.
On flowery spring mornings and moonlit autumn nights
I have often taken wine up and drunk it all alone,
Of course there are the mountain songs and the village
pipes,
But they are crude and strident, and grate on my ears.
And tonight, when I heard you playing your guitar,
I felt as if my hearing were bright with fairy-music.
Do not leave us. Come, sit down. Play for us again.

And I will write a long song concerning a guitar."
…Moved by what I said, she stood there for a
moment,
Then sat again to her strings—and they sounded even
sadder,
Although the tunes were different from those she had
played before…
The feasters, all listening, covered their faces.
But who of them all was crying the most?
This Kiu-kiang official. My blue sleeve was wet.

Witter Bynner.

THE LUTE-GIRL'S LAMENT

By night, at the riverside, adieus were spoken; beneath the maple's flower-like leaves, blooming amid autumnal decay. Host had dismounted to speed the parting guest, already on board his boat. Then a stirrup-cup went round, but no flute, no guitar, was heard. And so, ere the heart was warmed with wine, came words of cold farewell, beneath the bright moon glittering over the bosom of the broad stream…when suddenly, across the water, a lute broke forth into sound. Host forgot to go, guest lingered on, wondering whence the music, and asking who the performer might be. At this, all was hushed, but no answer given. A boat approached, and the musician was invited to join the party. Cups were refilled, lamps trimmed again, and preparations

for festivity renewed. At length, after much pressing, she came forth, hiding her face behind her lute; and twice of thrice sweeping the strings, betrayed emotion ere her song was sung. Then every note she struck swelled with pathos deep and strong, as though telling the tale of a wrecked and hopeless life, while with bent head and rapid finger she poured forth her soul in melody. Now softly; now slowly, her plectrum sped to and fro; now this air, now that; loudly, with the crash of falling rain; softly, as the murmur of whispered words; now loud and soft together, like the patter of pearls and pearlets dropping upon a marble dish. Or liquid, like the warbling of the mango-bird in the bush; trickling, like the streamlet on its downward course. And then like the torrent, stilled by the grip of frost, so for a moment was the music lulled, in a passion too deep for sound. Then, as bursts the water from the broken vase, as clash the arms upon the mailed horseman, so fell the plectrum once more upon the strings with a slash like the rent of silk.

Silence on all sides: not a sound stirred the air. The autumn moon shone silver athwart the tide, as with a sigh the musician thrust her plectrum beneath the strings and quietly prepared to take leave. "My childhood," said she, "was spent at the capital, in my home near the hills. At thirteen, I learnt the guitar, and my name was enrolled among the primas of the day. The maestro himself acknowledged my skill; the most beauteous of women envied

my lovely face. The youths of the neighbourhood vied with each other to do me honour: a single song brought me I know not how many costly bales. Golden ornaments and silver pins were smashed, blood-red skirts of silk were stained with wine, in oft-times echoing applause. And so I laughed on from year to year, while the spring breeze and autumn moon swept over my careless head.

"Then my brother went away to the wars: my mother died. Nights passed and mornings came; and with them my beauty began to fade. My doors were no longer thronged: but few cavaliers remained. So I took a husband, and became a trader's wife. He was all for gain, and little recked of separation from me. Last month he went off to buy tea, and I remained behind, to wander in my lonely boat on moon-lit nights over the cold wave, thinking of the happy days gone by, my reddened eyes telling of tearful dreams."

The sweet melody of the lute had already moved my soul to pity, and now these words pierced me to the heart again. "O lady," I cried, "we are companions in misfortune, and need no ceremony to be friends. Last year I quitted the Imperial city, banished to this fever-stricken spot, where in its desolation, from year's end to year's end, no flute nor guitar is heard. I live by the marshy river-bank, surrounded by yellow reeds and stunted bamboos. Day and night no sounds reach my ears save the bloodstained note of the goatsucker, the gibbon's mournful wail. Hill songs I have, and village pipes with their harsh discordant twang.

But now that I listen to thy lute's discourse, me thinks 'tis the music of the Gods. Prithee sit down awhile and sing to us yet again, while I commit thy story to writing."

Grateful to me (for she had been standing long), the lute-girl sat down and quickly broke forth into another song, sad and soft, unlike the song of just now. Then all her hearers melted into tears unrestrained; and none flowed more freely than mine, until my bosom was wet with weeping.

Herbert A. Giles.

元 稹

Yuan Chên

行 宫

寥落古行宫，宫花寂寞红。
白头宫女在，闲坐说玄宗。

AT AN OLD PALACE

Deserted now the Imperial bowers
Save by some few poor lonely flowers…
One white-haired dame,

An Emperor's flame,
Sits down and tells of bygone hours.

Herbert A. Giles.

THE ANCIENT PALACE

The ancient Palace lies in desolation spread.
The very garden flowers in solitude grow red.
Only some withered dames with whitened hair remain,
Who sit there idly talking of mystic monarchs dead.

W.J.B. Fletcher.

THE SUMMER PALACE

In the faded old imperial palace,
Peonies are red, but no one comes to see them…
The ladies-in-waiting have grown white-haired
Debating the pomps of Emperor Hsuan-tsung.

Witter Bynner.

李商隐

Li Shang – yin

夜雨寄北

君问归期未有期，巴山夜雨涨秋池。

何当共剪西窗烛，却话巴山夜雨时。

SOUVENIRS

You ask when I'm coming: alas not just yet…
How the rain filled the pools on that night when we met!
Ah, when shall we ever snuff candles again,
And recall the glad hours of that evening of rain?

Herbert A. Giles.

A NOTE ON A RAINY NIGHT TO A FRIEND IN THE NORTH

You ask me when I am coming. I do not know.
I dream of your mountains and autumn pools brimming all night with the rain.
Oh, when shall we be trimming wicks again, together in your western window?
When shall I be hearing your voice again, all night in the rain?

Witter Bynner.

赵 嘏

Chao Ku

江楼有感

独上江楼思渺然，月光如水水如天。
同来望月人何处？风景依稀似去年。

WHERE ARE THEY?

Alone I mount to the kiosque which stands
on the river-bank and sigh,
While the moonbeams dance on the tops of the waves
where the waters touch the sky.
For the lovely scene is to last year's scene
as like as like can be,
All but the friends, the much-loved friends,
who gazed at the moon with me.

Herbert A. Giles.

REGRETS

Upon the River Tower alone how sorrowful am I!

The moonbeams join the water; the water meets
the sky.
All those who came this Moon to view, ah! whither are
they gone?
This scene appears to me like one of ages long
gone by.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

RECOLLECTION

Alone upon this river tower
What gloomy thoughts my heart devour!
Like waters still the moonbeams flow.
The river joins the sky below.
But where are they who with me came
To gaze upon her lambent flame?
The scene is much like last year's: yet
Those gone how can my heart forget?

W. J. B. Fletcher.

金昌绪

Chin Gh'ang-hsu

春 怨

打起黄莺儿，莫教枝上啼。
啼时惊妾梦，不得到辽西。

AT DAWN

Drive the young orioles away,
Nor let them on the branches play;
Their chirping breaks my slumber through
And keep me from my dreams of you.

Herbert A. Giles.

A LOVER'S DREAM

Oh, drive the golden orioles
From off our garden tree!
Their warbling broke the dream wherein
My lover smiled to me.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

A SPRING SIGH

Drive the orioles away,
All their music from the trees…
When she dreamed that she went to Liao – hsi
To join him there, they wakened her.

Witter Bynner.

杜秋娘

Tu Gh'iu-niang

金 缕 衣

劝君莫惜金缕衣，劝君须惜少年时。
有花堪折直须折，莫待无花空折枝。

GOLDEN SANDS

I would not have thee grudge those robes
which gleam in rich array,
But I would have thee grudge the hours
of youth which glide away.

Go pluck the blooming flower betimes,

lest when thou com'st again

Alas, upon the withered stem

no blooming flowers remain!

Herbert A. Giles.

RICHES

If you will take advice, my friend,

For wealth you will not care.

But while fresh youth is in you.

Each precious moment spare.

When flowers are fit for culling,

Then pluck them as you may.

Ah! wait not till the bloom be gone,

To bear a twig away.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

THE GOLD-THREADED ROBE

Covet not a gold-threaded robe,

Cherish only your young days!

If a bud open, gather it—

Lest you but wait for an empty bough.

Witter Bynner.

WISE AGE TO YOUTH

Wear your gold and silken garments;
Store not one of them away:
Flaunt them in your years of beauty
Ere the world grows old and gray.
Pluck the blossoms in the springtime
When they open to the sun.
For you'll find but withered branches
When bright youth and love are done.

Henry H. Hart.

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